

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Important Letter from our Correspondent.

ARRIVAL OF

Our Artist and Correspondent  
IN ENGLAND.

THEIR CORDIAL RECEPTION.

Contest for the Champion's Belt.

INTERVIEW WITH SAYERS.

THE FIGHT TO TAKE PLACE POSITIVELY AT DAY-  
BREAK ON THE 16th.

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

THE AMERICAN HORSES.

Visit to Ten Broeck's Stables.

THE TRAINING GROUND.

GREAT EIGHT-OARED BOAT RACE

BETWEEN THE

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES.

WHEN we pledged ourselves to present to our readers a faithful and prompt illustrated history of the time, we did so with the determination to redeem our pledge both in the letter and the spirit. In every issue of our paper will be found convincing evidence of our vast resources, which embrace the whole Continent of America like a network, enabling us to lay before the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the prominent events which occur in all parts of the country almost as soon as



THE HOUSE WHERE THE UNITED STATES OFFICERS WERE CONCEALED PREVIOUS TO PROCEEDING TO ARREST F. A. SANBORN, AT CONCORD, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. CHAMPNEY ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.

they transpire. We have now added a new important feature to our business arrangements. We have sent, as our readers know, a Special Correspondent and Artist to England, to represent us and to furnish our paper with faithful and brilliant sketches of all the great sporting events about transpiring in England, together with other subjects of great and living interest.

We have also made permanent arrangements with celebrated artists and writers in London to furnish us with sketches and matter of all that occurs there of interest to our American readers.

We have also made further arrangements

OF A MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTER,

WHICH WILL ADD TO

THE INTEREST AND VALUE

of our journal, making it the

MOST PERFECT AND VALUABLE

Illustrated Newspaper in the World

Our enterprise has been duly and liberally appreciated in England. The greatest sporting paper in England, *Bell's Life in London*, gives us the following kind and flattering notice:

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NEW YORK.—Among the arrivals by the steamship *Africa* we notice that of Dr. A. Rawlings and Mr. A. Berghaus, the special correspondent and artist of Frank Leslie's paper. The position of that paper in America is similar to that of the *Illustrated London News* in this country, it having attained a circulation of 100,000 a week. We must certainly commend the spirit of enterprise which Mr. Leslie evinces in sending over so specially appointed persons to illustrate the forthcoming sporting events and other matters of interest in our country; and we feel sure that his representatives will receive every courtesy at the hands of our contemporaries while sojourning here.

We thank the courteous editor of *Bell's Life* for this genial and friendly notice.

Our Artist and Correspondent have not been idle. On their arrival they lost not a moment in seeking out Tom



THE ARREST OF F. A. SANBORN, AT CONCORD, MASS., BY THE U. S. MARSHAL, DURING THE NIGHT OF APRIL 3, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. CHAMPNEY, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.



Sayers, as he was more a novelty in America than the Benicia Boy. They then visited the Newmarket race-ground, and inspected the stables of Mr. Ten Broeck and other prominent sporting men. The result of these visits will be found in our correspondent's letter.

We are also indebted to Willmer and Smith's *European Times*, Liverpool, England, March 31st, for the following friendly and flattering notice, for which the editors will please accept our thanks:

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER OF AMERICA.—Two distinguished Americans have arrived in England during the present week, of whose doings we shall hear by-and-by. These gentlemen are connected with a work which is too little known in this country, but the circulation of which in the United States is enormous—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of America*. Dr. Augustus Rawlings is connected with the literary department of this paper, and Mr. A. Berghaus, one of the most popular transatlantic artists, represents its pictorial ability. They reached Liverpool on Monday, and left on the afternoon of the same day for the Metropolis. Their address is Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar square, London. We shall often have occasion to refer to these gentlemen during their stay in England, for they are pretty certain to present "the living manner as they rise" amongst us to the eyes of their countrymen at home in a way that will arrest attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Although the Illustrations when they appear will tell their own tale of vivid truthfulness, we think it as well, in these days of contemptible chicanery and tergiversation, to present to our readers the following certificates which reached us by the Persia:

NEWMARKET, March 20, 1860.  
Mr. Berghaus has been here taking sketches connected with Mr. Sayers's training, which give the greatest satisfaction to all those who have seen them.  
Yours truly,  
ROBERT FULLER,  
Trainer for Mr. Sayers.

I recognize the above as the authentic signature of Mr. Fuller.  
GEO. WILKES,  
Adelphi Hotel, London.

BULL & GATE, Kentish Town.  
Mr. LESLIE—DEAR SIR: Herewith I testify that Mr. Albert Berghaus, of New York, is the only artist from the United States of America who has ever taken sketches of Mr. Sayers's belt and prizes, which are in my hands.  
S. HETHERINGTON,  
One of Mr. Sayers's backers.

I recognize the drawings made by Mr. Berghaus from the belts and prizes of the present Champion as correct representations from the said prizes, as exhibited to me by Tom Sayers himself.  
GEO. WILKES.

These certificates, it will be perceived, are endorsed by George Wilkes, Esq., editor of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, who is now one of the lions of the sporting world of England. We owe him our warmest thanks for the many favors he has shown to our representatives. He was in a position to dispense favors, and his disposition was equal to his power.

Among other important arrangements which we have concluded abroad, the following contract will afford us great facilities in illustrating the coming fight and its various surroundings:

LONDON, March 20, 1860.  
This certifies that I have given exclusive right to the Special Correspondent of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, United States of America, to copy all photographs of the principal characters and events connected with the coming international contest, and also the published plates of which I hold the right. The photographs are taken by John Watkins, of Parliament street, London. Subscriptions for the same may be addressed care of Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

GEO. NEWBOLD.

With such materials at our command we can

Defy Competition,

and do not hesitate to assert that the

Coming Numbers of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper will be the most

Original, Brilliant and Interesting ever Issued.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER FROM LONDON

MORLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, Friday, March 30, 1860.

##### Our Voyage.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—DEAR SIR: The booming of a cannon, the cheering of friends and the movement of our vessel warned us we were gliding away from the metropolis. In less than five hours the shore had disappeared, the sun was travelling fast down the western wall of the hemisphere, the waters formed a belt around us as far as the eye could reach, and the iron heart of our noble vessel went throbbing over the lonely deep.

Of course in our study and perusal of books of travel we had read various descriptions both serious and comic of that infection or contagious disease, "sea-sickness." We had carefully analyzed Burton's compendium of that interesting and aristocratic complaint, but alas! either our memory or judgment failed us. Our study of medicine, too, was humbug. Lemons, one old sea-dog told me, was an actual preventive. Our friend Charles Heidsieck recommended his champagne; some venerable physician wrote a very learned and Latin-like prescription, which, by translation, most certainly appeared like blue pills. One old dowager lady, with evidently horrible recollections of a Channel passage, advised us to take to our berth during the whole voyage. A Pickwickian snob, with a Murray's Guide, a clay pipe very dirty and sadly perumed, a lorgnette and bandanna handkerchief, and who stated "he had done up Europe and America," said, "You know, my boy, you must be jolly; the thing is and ought to be; so, you see, there's nothing like having sea-legs. Drink beer, my boy, drink beer."

We pronounce every man, woman and child whose advice we adopted conceited, ignorant humbugs.

Sickness is not a disease; it is simply a want of uniformity of movement between a man's body and the vessel. The vessel goes down: oh how long it seems before it stops! We said it went; well, your legs go down, but your stomach and brains seem stationary in the air, and at a loss what will become of them. Sea-sickness is a capital thermometrical gauge of the value of a man; it is only when laboring under sea-sickness a man can estimate his value to the public: we never saw a sea-sick person yet who would not sell himself for ten cents, or give a sailor five dollars to throw him like a second Jonah to the fishes. We assure our friends, now it is over, it was nothing at all; but if that question had been put to us the second day out, we should have repelled the insulting inquiry with a groan or a quiet sigh.

Drag a man through the Soma of Malta—bang his head for an hour with pillows—roll him down a hill—put a revolving whisk brush down his throat into his interior system—feed him on sourkraut—let him drink a keg of lager beer or a pint of the worst whiskey imaginable—after which let him chew a piece of tobacco and swallow it—then drag him through a pond—after which roll him in a barrel—and then the reader will have an idea of sea-sickness; and, with the simple statement that we were privileged to enjoy its secrets, we dismiss the subject with that withering contempt that it deserves.

##### Arrival at Liverpool.

As we have a world of incidents to write for the steamer, we must postpone an account of our voyage till another time.

All things to an American upon arriving at another country impress him with their contrast, and even in England, from which we derive our mother tongue, we find a peculiar phraseology and expression that sounds novel to us. What most impressed us as we were leaving the ship was the erroneous statements made by travellers in reference to the examination of baggage. We found the officials polite, and our baggage examination was merely a matter of form; we threw open our trunks, the official simply asked us if we had any tobacco or books, and when we exhibited our box of cigars, he said, "Is that all?" and shut up the trunks. But, goodness pity the gentleman whose ancestors hail from Jerusalem; they eye him with instinctive doubt and suspicion, and carefully overlook every portion of his travelling accompaniments.

##### Liverpool.

The Liverpool docks appear as if they were erected with the supposition that this dwelling-place of ours would never cease to exist. They are magnificently solid, and the regulations controlling them are perfect. There is no disorder, no fighting of cabmen as you land upon them. A police officer politely asks you if you want a cab, raises his hand—up drives the first man who observes it—and you and your baggage are off.

We drive at once to the Hotel in a most curious and diabolical machine called a Hansom. This machine is something like a gig shut up in front, with a driver perched at the back in a small seat, which is very high up. A lean quadruped, which the driver proudly called his "oss," pulled the machine along. On the outside was the number of the vehicle, the name of the driver in large letters, and the regulations surmounted by a crown, with a picture of two zoological specimens which is supposed by the admiring British public to represent a Lion and Unicorn. Our vehicle was called "Ransom's Patent Safety Hansom." Alas! we had not gone two streets before off came the right wheel, down went the quadruped, out head first went your Special and Artist, and over the top of the Hansom the driver was tossed on his fallen steed. A dozen cabs, flies, dog-carts and Hansoms came rushing upon us. Luckily our baggage was sent by the Steamship Company, so our only damage was a few scratches and cuts on the hands, and the entire demolishment of two new American hats, never worn on the voyage, but carefully preserved during a space of twelve days, for the special purpose of astonishing all European hat-hatters. I shall never be induced to believe that that driver does not receive a per-centage from the hat-hatters of Liverpool. Our Hansom was sadly shattered, and we were considerably shaken, but we managed to extricate ourselves, and in a half an hour we were worshipping Epicurus by relishing English soles and South Down mutton chops.

But as we intend to "do the thing" (quotation from one of the Guards) in a hurry, we lost no time; hired a cab, drove down to the Exchange, viewed Nelson's monument—a noble piece of bronze and granite, surpassing anything of the kind in our country. We next visited St. George's Hall, the pride and boast of all the people who reside in Liverpool. Thus for three hours we drove to various places of interest, and then left for London.

(Our Correspondent and Artist left London immediately for Newmarket, but we reserve his brilliant and graphic sketch for our next. His information about our American horses will be found highly interesting and important. We must also reserve for our next his description of the great eight-oared boat race between the collegiates of Oxford and Cambridge, an event which created an immense excitement in the higher classes, as the contestants were scions of the noblest families in England, and who deemed that the honor of their respective Colleges was involved in the result.)

##### Thomas Sayers.

Of course, we want to see Sayers. Your Correspondent and Artist here before had sketched everything connected with Heenan, and however much we might like to have seen him first, we knew you had received ever sketch appertaining to Mr. Heenan, with the exception of his residence, which the Artist handed me, and which you will find inclosed. A most amusing thing connected with his sketches is the fact that in England he is known as a short-hand sketcher and a man of great memory. He paid a visit to Heenan, and being an Englishman he exhibited everything to him, told him all, and the Artist did not take down a line till he reached his hotel, with the exception of some when he was out walking. Mr. Falkner, who is a great friend of Mr. Heenan's, in our hearing, not knowing who we were, remarked, "Where the mischief did that paper get those sketches? There has been no American artist here at all, nor any man taken out a pencil. I shall write to the paper imitating Mr. Leslie's to pronounce them all bosh. I don't believe they have got anybody here at all, and I have said so." "Indeed," we asked, "do you know that it is not necessary to let every one know our business?" We discovered that this gentleman was sending a few desultory lines to the paper, and that he was to be their correspondent. It turns out that the flaming announcement of a certain paper having sent a special correspondent out here, was all in the name, not in the fact. This is susceptible of proof. This individual has written a solemn affidavit that we are not here. But we have wandered far from our subject, yet deeming the explanation why we did not visit Mr. Heenan first necessary, we have made it. Down a long lane, with high walls on one side and pretty cottages on the other, we walked for a quarter of a mile, then turned down another lane, and we were in front of Mr. Sayers' place of abode and training quarters.

A neat specimen of cottage scenery could not be found. Here were hedges of hawthorn, just sprouting and budding; there were beds of crocuses and primroses, already in blossom; there was the old English ivy, associated with all that is poetical and romantic in ruins of abbeys and ancient castles, there we saw it for the first time on this land. The whole of one side of the cottage was adorned with the dark, thickly embedded leaves of the ivy, in front of the house; there, forming an arch, the rose and the jessamine twined, already green with the eyes of spring. All the garden, in fact, was purely English; vegetables, flowers and fruits were mixed together. But the artist has drawn the picture.

As we entered the wicket gate and walked towards the door, which was open, a pretty English lass, about sixteen, with very red cheeks and raw beefsteak-colored arms, and, we are sorry to say, very flat-footed, accosted us.

"Who do you want to see, sir?"

"Is Mr. Sayers at home?" we inquired.

"He's just gone out to take his walk, but will be back in an hour. Won't you walk in, gentlemen?"

We entered Mr. Sayers' room, where he lounges, eats, &c. Around the room, upon the floor, there were various dumb-bells, shoes enormously heavy and full of nails, and suggestive of anything but pleasure in the reception of a kick from such a quarter. We thought what magnificent shoes they would be for an editor to kick an insulting intruder down the stairs; it would have saved many a shooting affray or a cowhiding. Then there were footballs and flannel jackets strewn carelessly on tables and chairs. A portrait of "The Bowdler Boy" bidding adieu across a wicket-gate to his forlorn damsel was the only work of art adorning the walls; from a close inspection we do not think it could have been loaned from the National Gallery. A pair of boxing-gloves lying on the table was suggestive of a profession which is distinctly remembered by many individuals who have been brought in contact with Mr. Thomas Sayers.

Our curiosity being satisfied, we took from our cigar case a regalia, and for an hour and a half we reverberated for the first time since we arrived in England. Our readers may imagine how much we have travelled since last Monday. Smoking a cigar is very cooling to the blood, it places the brain in a state of quiescence, it mediates the action of the heart. Smoke clouds and whiffs are architects, they build up a man's home, and his first thoughts and impulses direct the building column as it goes up, eddying through the air. We built a world in that hour; we peopled it with those we loved dearest, we consigned the present to oblivion, and, wrapped in our self-created smoke cloud, we traversed three thousand miles, and just as we were walking into the Metropolitan Hotel, in walks Mr. Thomas Sayers, Champion of England, a medium-sized man, immensely broad across the shoulders, with a face good-humored and expressive of indifference or emotion, a hat jauntily stuck on one side of his head; his face smoothly shaved, dressed with great neatness, a gold chain on his vest, and studs, plain but rich, in his shirt, his hands moving here and there, but the right continually changing the position of his hat. Such was Mr. Sayers. Mr. Wilkes knew him well, and introduced us.

Tom Sayers is blunt, decidedly so; his conversation is unvarnished; he speaks what he thinks, plain Anglo-Saxon, no ornament or bad

grammar; he looks and talks like a man; he never has an idea of defeat. He told us freely of his habits and training, but we will use his own words:

"I get up in the morning at six, take a cold bath, then dress myself, and walk perhaps four miles, then come back and get rubbed with a coarse hair glove, then I eat my breakfast. After breakfast I walk thirteen or fourteen miles, come home again, get rubbed, then I eat my dinner. If I feel like it, I kick a football or use the dumb-bells. In the evening I lounge. At nine and a half P.M. I go to bed, and that's all there is about it. All I want is to keep my health."

And in fact, reader, that is all he does, he never put on his gloves with any one, he confides in his judgment and his constitution and his endurance; when asked how he would fight Heenan, who was a giant by his side, he answered, "How can I tell? I never saw him fight."

He does just what he please, he does not mind his trainer, when he feels like it; but do not imagine he has not strength, a more perfect specimen of the human form it is impossible to conceive. Firm, compact and well-proportioned, from his head to his feet, he recalls the pictures and descriptions of the ancient gladiators who fought in the Colosseum when Rome was in her palmy days. We spent two hours with Mr. Sayers, our artist spent the day and breakfasted with him, when he took sketches of everything. But I must hurry my letter for the mail and allude to it another time. Of this fact our readers may be assured, despite all they may say in the papers, the FIGHT WILL COME OFF ON MONDAY, THE 16th of APRIL, AT DAYBREAK. Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Darling, your Correspondent and Artist, will be there together; we lodge together that night; the price to the combat is so high—three guineas—that all the common crowd will be kept away. We left Mr. Sayers with a promise to see him; we had intended giving a long account of his training, but there is nothing to write about.

In reference to Mr. Heenan, he has left his quarters at Salisbury, and on Monday we shall again visit him and send description.

The last portion of the stakes was paid last evening. Mr. John Morrissey arrived here in the same ship with us; we have met him several times; he was at Mr. Sayers' when the Artist took sketches, he has made many friends by his quiet unobtrusive manner. He will challenge Mr. Heenan if he defeats Mr. Sayers.

Mr. Heenan is doing well; it is all nonsense about his being defeated by a boxer who visited him. Mr. Heenan is in perfect health, and his friends are confident of his success. He has had to move two or three times because of the authorities.

Mr. George Wilkes has been here a long while; we are indebted to him for many courtesies, as also to the editors of the *Illustrated London News* and *Bell's Life*. Mr. Wilkes is decidedly a favorite here, and receives a great deal of attention from the press.

I have much more to say, but I am wearied with travel and shall barely have time to despatch this by the Persia. You will hear at greater length by the next steamer from your

CORRESPONDENT.

WINTER GARDEN.—MARETZKE ITALIAN OPERA.—Regular Opera Nights, at 8 P.M., MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, TUESDAYS, FRIDAYS, Saturdays, Grand Matinée at 1 P.M.

Laura Keene's Theatre—624 Broadway, near Houston Street. THE NEW IRISH DRAMA EVERY NIGHT. COLLEEN BAWN; OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN. Dress Circle Seats may be secured one week in advance. Doors open at seven; to commence at a quarter before eight o'clock. Admission..... Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, 485 BROADWAY, BETWEEN GRAND AND BROOME STREETS. Saturday Night, April 14th, MR. WALCOT'S BENEFIT. First time in five years the beautiful play of LAVATER. To conclude with the popular Comedy of EVERYBODY'S FRIEND. On Monday, April 16th, MR. DYOTT'S BENEFIT, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, And other entertainments. Doors open at 7, commence at 7½. No Free Admission except the Press. Admission..... Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

##### The News From Europe.

THE great European drama proceeds. Despite the opposition of Nice to its annexation to France, the Emperor has resolved to take it. On the principle that it is necessary to the security of the frontiers. The most active opposition has come from Switzerland, which appeals to the Great Powers to prevent the absorption of Faucigny and Chablons, both these places being, she maintains, necessary to her independence. It is supposed that so small a power as that Republic is, would never venture upon such a decided expression of opinion had she not been prompted by some stronger States, whose support she has been promised. It is now said that a Congress is to meet either in Brussels or London, to decide the question. The Pope has excommunicated all the aiders and abettors of the spoliation of the Papal Territories, and solemnly protested against the annexation of his former dominions to Victor Emanuel. Naples remains in the same volcanic state, the career of the young King being even more despotism than that of his father. He was so violent, that even the Spanish and Austrian Ambassadors had joined the French and English Ministers in their remonstrances against his proceedings. He seems determined to force his subjects into revolution.

England was increasing her fortifications at Malta, which had never been so fully stored with every description of warlike material.

France remains quiet and prosperous. Trade had already felt the beneficial action of Louis Napoleon's Free Trade Treaty with England.

The Emperor of Russia had declared, on the appointment of Prince Panin as President of the Serf Emancipation Commission, that he did not wish there should be any procrastination in applying that great measure. It was, however, considered as a serious blow to their early manumission. Lord John Russell had announced, in the House of Commons, that the San Juan



difficulty was in a fair way of settlement. The French Senate had rejected the petitions to intervene in favor of the Pope's temporal power. A treaty of peace was being discussed between Spain and Morocco.

Austria had presented to the German Diet a formal protest against the action of Sardinia in taking possession of the Duchies and the Romagna.

### The New Italy.

WHEN the independence of Italy became every day more probable, one question haunted the minds of even its warmest friends: "Are the Italians fit for freedom?"

The enemies of that long oppressed race boldly denied the possibility of such an anomaly, as the fact of any long suffering people rising into national dignity, and pointed not alone to the common experience of the world, but to that of the past history of Italy in particular, of their unfitness to govern themselves. The bitter discords of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the jealousies of the petty States among themselves, and even their most illustrious names, such as Dante, Cosmo di Medici, &c., were quoted as instances of the foregone conclusion, that so quick, impulsive and vindictive a people required the hand of a Caesar to rule them.

All national reform, said Lord Derby, to be permanent must be gradual—these sudden starts resemble more the sudden transitions of the harlequin than the gradual progress of the man—other moderate liberals uttered similar platitudes, and even our American pundits shook their heads and expected every minute to hear Ricasoli and Garibaldi forming antagonistic parties. How singularly the prediction of these philosophers, croakers and enemies to human progress have been falsified in the event, we need not dwell upon. Step by step they have shown themselves to be patriots in the truest sense of the word—stern, serious, determined, forbearing men—personal ambitions have not once appeared. Order has reigned in Florence, Ravenna, Livorno, Bologna—in a word, wherever the people's flag has waved; but it was the order of the Freeman, not that of the Despot, such as Guizot, the apostate and the bigot, once proclaimed as reigning in Warsaw.

Perhaps the history of the world has no nobler spectacle than that of the laying down of power by the Provisional Government of Tuscany upon its annexation to the Sardinian Monarchy. It is the gratified resignation of position to a chosen object.

No American need hesitate in admitting the new Italian nation into the Pantheon of Freedom!

### Recognition of the drowned Man found floating in New Haven Harbor, by means of his Portrait in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

WE call the attention of the Police authorities all over the country to the importance of the feature which we have adopted in our paper, namely: the publication of the Portraits of Missing Men, fugitives from justice and unknown men found dead. We commenced the publication last year, and already several fugitives from justice have been traced and apprehended by means of our portraits, and the fate of two men, whose whereabouts were unknown, has been determined by the same means. The last case was that of the man found dead in New Haven Harbor. He was utterly unknown, and, but for his portrait in our paper, his name would never have been ascertained. We copy the facts of the case from the New Haven Daily Journal and Courier of April 9th:

RECOGNITION OF THE MAN FOUND DEAD IN OUR HARBOR.—Mr. Welch, Clerk of the Police, has received a communication from a resident of Auburn, N. Y., certifying that the portrait of the man found dead in our harbor a few weeks since, as given in LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is recognized by the citizens of that place as that of Mr. Eldred, who has been absent from that city three or four months. The circumstances of the deceased's hair and whiskers being colored, and the description given of his teeth, correspond precisely with those of Mr. Eldred. Mr. Thomas J. Howarth, of this city, and formerly of Auburn, is spoken of in the letter as a man who would be likely to recognize the deceased, and that gentleman, upon examining the portrait, Saturday, unhesitatingly pronounced it to be that of Mr. Eldred. The letter further states that the deceased had no relatives in Auburn, but has a brother residing in Oswego county, who has been written to. He was divorced from his wife some twelve or fifteen years ago, and she is now residing with his father in Saratoga county. The only daughter of the deceased has very recently graduated at the State Normal School at Albany, where she has been waiting for the past two weeks, daily expecting to hear from her father.

Another letter from Auburn, received in the same mail by one of our citizens, fully confirms the above, and states that Mr. Eldred was at the time, or a short time previous to his death, concerned in a large manufactory in that place, and that the recognition of his portrait in LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER has occasioned no small amount of excitement in the place. The writer further states that the deceased was a man universally respected, and that he was strictly temperate and moral in his habits.

Can there be any greater proof of the benefit and importance of the publication of these portraits?

### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

**William Taylor**, captain of the British Banner, which arrived at Liverpool March 18, has seen the sea serpent and no mistake. He entered it on his log-book as 300 feet long, about the circumference of a large erinoline petticoat, with black back, shaggy mane, horn on his forehead and large glaring eyes. Barking furiously at the vessel, the "serpint" swallowed the foremost stay and flying jib with the greatest apparent ease, but happening to perceive a whale about a mile off he shot after it like a flash of lightning. In the afternoon, however, Captain Taylor caught a young one. We opine that whoever captures Captain Taylor will catch an "old one," and a hard old one at that. Not that we doubt his story—oh no!

"It is stated that Lord Shaftesbury is to adjudicate on a prize essay case—suggested by him—if it is not better for a woman to stop at home and attend to her duties than to go out to work; and if her husband does not lose by the wife's absence from her duties?"

Certainly, if the duty of a wife is to keep a corner grocery or any other sort of confectionary during her husband's absence, and if she does not attend to selling the red pepper when customers call for refreshment, of course she neglects her duty. N. B. The prize may be sent to this office.

**A Shoemaker** in Cincinnati absconded lately because his wife presented him for a second time with duplicate pledges of affection. He certainly was not the individual who "loved too well," however wisely he might have acted by absquatulating. His "parting oath" was probably "Oh Gemini!"

**We are indebted** to the Tribune for the information that Barnum has sent a messenger to England, to offer the victor in the fight a tremendous price to exhibit himself, "belted," in the Museum. The item concludes with the enthusiastic cry, "Go it Sayers! Heenan pitch in! To the victor belongs the small change—admission 25 cents."

By the way, is it true that the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country is the result of a correspondence which has been carried on for some time by the Great Revived and her Highness Victoria? We only ask for indignation, but are willing to believe anything in these days of speculation.

**A Cotemporary**, in describing the accomplishments of a certain foreign lady, says that she "speaks English." May we venture to inquire "the English what?" Is the English language referred to? But why not say briefly

and far more idiomatically, "she speaks English?" That is good Saxon, just as it is good German when a shopkeeper puts on his door, "Hier spricht man Deutsch." "Here they speak German."

**Strikes** are all the order of the day. The boot-men led off, the horse-shoers followed in Boston, the furniture-makers are now counting themselves in. We may be misinformed, but are under the impression that many of the pugilists are about to strike; and we can hardly blame them, since the most superficial examination of the annals of the ring shows that the more they strike the more they make!

**The Daily News** says: "Mr. Fowler, Postmaster of New York, reached Washington yesterday morning, and has made full and satisfactory explanation at the Post Office Department of the alleged deficit in his accounts. They have accordingly been adjusted and permanently settled." We understand that one half the time of our most efficient officials is wasted in journeyings to and fro. It would be a document worth printing if we could get a true return of the number of their pilgrimages to the political Mecca of this Great Republic. The Postmaster-General should remember that Mr. Fowler occupies a position here of so much importance, that his absence from his post a single day is a detriment to the public service.

**The Veto Power** was meant as a wholesome check upon correct appointments, and not as an obstruction upon public business. The conduct of the Aldermen in persistently refusing all co-operation with Mayor Wood in his appointments, is *prima facie* evidence of their unfitness to wield such an important trust. Such men as Gideon Tucker and Thomas Addis Emmet are more honored by the virulence of a clique than damaged by it. The fact is, as long as politics are pursued as a trade, our public men will be more huc: vrs and not patriots.

### Passing Notices.

**A Bible Presentation.**—The firm of E. Walker & Sons, bookbinders, of 114 Fulton street, have just completed binding in the most magnificent style a copy of Brown's large Folio Bible, which they intend to present to the Manhattan Steam Fire Engine Company No. 8, as a grateful testimonial of the services rendered in preserving their bindery from destruction during the fire in Fulton street, January 29th. This testimonial is in excellent taste, creditable to the feelings of the gentlemen of the firm, and will doubtless be received in a corresponding spirit by members of Company No. 8.

**Heenan and Sayers.**—We call the attention of those interested in the matter to the fine lithographed portraits of Heenan and Sayers, in attitude, as they will appear in the ring on the day of the struggle for the Championship of England. These lithographs are in colors, and are spirited and correct in action and likeness. We recommend all who desire copies to mail twenty-five cents to H. Dexter & Co., 113 Nassau street, New York, who will fill all orders with promptness and despatch, delivering them in perfect condition to their subscribers.

**The Southern Steamboat and Railroad Guide**, published by W. Alvin Lloyd, is invaluable to all Southern travellers. It contains a vast amount of interesting matter, together with the time tables and routes of steamboats and railroads corrected up to the latest moment in each month. The present monthly issue is now before us. The Southern Steamboat and Railroad Guide has a weekly circulation of over eight thousand, and as it is in universal use in the South it is one of the best possible mediums for advertisers who wish to reach Southern customers.

### Personal.

**E. G. SOTHER**, the well-known diplomatist and litterateur, and lady, have been passing a short time in Cuba. They have received the most marked attention from all the leading officials and principal inhabitants, and were distinguished by a special invitation to dine with the Captain General and his Lady, Don Francisco Serrano and the Countess of San Antonio.

**WARD'S Steam Ice Boat** was en route for the Lakes, where there is yet plenty of ice, last week, and is probably by this time an acknowledged and brilliant success. It excited the liveliest curiosity throughout the route and was visited by thousands, and not a doubt was expressed by those who understood the subject of its thorough working capacities. Its successful operation will bring vast tracts of country, which are almost a sealed book five months in the year, into active communication with a network of railroads, and give an impetus to trade hitherto unknown in those sections. In our next we shall, in all probability, be able to give the result of the Steam Ice Boat's first trial trip.

The widow of the celebrated preacher, Robert Hall, died lately at Bristol, aged seventy-two.

**THE Hon. James Kirke Paulding** died on Wednesday, April 7, at Hyde Park. He was the relative of Washington Irving and his coadjutor in Salmagundi. He was in his 72d year. He was the author of numerous works, but he lacked that individuality which makes a decided mark in the world of letters, and lacked that pleasant humor which gave to his more distinguished friend his fame.

**THE Ravens**—Niblo's Ravens—are in Mobile. Their visit to New Orleans was a great success. A New Orleans paper says: "They are as nimble as grasshoppers and fleas, or Frenchmen."

A singular wager was made lately at Chicago between Mr. Johnson, a Water street merchant, and Mr. Osborne, of the Tremont House, of that city. It was that if Mr. Wentworth was not elected, Ned Osborne (as he is affectionately called), should be kicked by Johnson from the Tremont House to Springer street, a distance of a mile and a furlong. Osborne fortified the part to be kicked with a Milwaukee brick. At the third kick Johnson caved in and paid the forfeit of three baskets of champagne. He has also since been obliged to wear a carpet slipper.

A BREKAK of promise has lately been tried at Detroit, which throws the Carriage case into the shade. A Miss Haven was courted by a Mr. Southern, a pork butcher, who, in a fit of gushing tenderness, gave her a litter of six little pigs, and promised at the same time to marry her when they were fit for killing. It is needless to say how she reared them. After five months he came for them and drove them away. He then refused to put the ring on her finger, although he put a ring in every one of their noses to prevent the little grunters from grubbing up his potatoes. She sued him and got a verdict of the value of the six pigs. She thus lost the hog!

**Governor GOODWIN** has appointed the 12th of April as a Fast Day for New Hampshire. Why?

THERE was a great ratification meeting on Saturday, April 7, at the Park Hotel, Hoboken. The principal speakers were Governor Rodman Price, General Wright, Judge Whitley and Judge Pope. The meeting, of course, broke up at a late hour.

It has been ascertained that there were only one hundred and fifty-nine persons drowned in the Hungarian, and not two hundred and four as first stated. The ship went down at a quarter-past eleven, at least the clock of the captain's cabin has been washed on shore, and the time at which it stopped indicated that hour.

**MADAME ANNA BISHOP SCHULTZ** is in Texas. Her voice is as fresh and pure as ever.

**DOUGLAS JERROLD**, son to the celebrated wit, is in Charleston, ready to take notes of the Convention.

**THADDEUS HYATT** is still in the jail in Washington.

**THE TEXAS Democratic State Convention** met at Galveston on the 2d of April, to nominate delegates to the Charleston Convention. Their choice fell on Houston men. Their second choice is Douglas.

**MR. SMITH**, of Mississippi, has declined the Consulship to Constantinople, on the very sensible but unpatriotic grounds that the expenses of living there are four thousand six hundred dollars a year, while the allowance is only three thousand. This does not say much for the magnanimity of Smith.

**JUDAS SINGLAR**, of Utah, has resigned his seat, disgusted at the partiality shown by Mr. Buchanan for those wretched polygamists.

**CARLETON, Fla.**, is a precocious place. Last week Mr. Robert Cherry, aged sixteen, was married to Miss Josephine Gregory, aged thirteen. At that rate Miss Josephine can be a grandmother at twenty-eight!

**JOSE FERRON**, formerly M. C. for New York, died in Troy, aged sixty-nine.

**GEMMY SMITH** is convalescent, but his mind is easily excited by any reference to the Harper's Ferry invasion.

**A. H. STEPHENS**, of Georgia, has forbidden his friends to use his name as a Presidential candidate at the approaching Congress at Charleston.

**FRAU JACKMANT**, otherwise Johanna Wagner, the famous cantatrice, has given birth to a daughter.

The body of that heroic man, Mr. French, who perished in the discharge of his duty when the Northerner was lost, has been recovered, and buried in San Francisco.

**DR. RICHARDS** has commenced an action for libel against the New York Independent. We are surprised he does not remember the old saying of "Sue a clergyman and catch a text."

**GRANTLEY F. BERRY**, in his defence of the prize ring, says that in England, upon his "personal inquiry, as well as on reading the charges to juries of the different judges when on circuit, it was found that precisely as the prize ring had fallen into decay, and the boxing match everywhere prevented, there was a very startling and twenty per centage or more of increase in cases of reference to deadly weapons, and that Englishmen, like foreigners, instead of a manly boxing bout, had commenced to stab with the knife."

### LITERATURE.

We have received from JOHN E. POTTER, 617 Sanson street, Philadelphia, an instructive and valuable book called *Everybody's Lawyer and Counsellor in Business*, by Frank Crosby, member of the Philadelphia Bar. The book contains plain and simple instructions to all classes for transacting their business according to law, with legal forms for drawing the various necessary papers connected therewith. It also contains the laws of the different States for collection of debts, property exempt from execution, mechanics' liens, execution of deeds and mortgages, rights of married women, dower, usury, wills, and a vast amount of other valuable information which everybody should study. It is a safe guide book in all the matters it discusses, and all who desire to know that they are right before they go ahead should purchase a copy of *Everybody's Lawyer and Counsellor in Business*.

**FOWLER & WELLS** have sent us a practical little book with the following title: *How to Live: Saving and Wasting, or Domestic Economy Illustrated; Including the Story of a Dime a Day*; by John Robinson. The design of this work is to inculcate thoughts and habits of economy in domestic daily life, and to show how perfectly possible it is to live well and at the same time inexpensively. This design is illustrated by contrasting the life of two families of opposite character, habits and practices, and is accomplished through the medium of a pleasant tale of real life. The lessons in housekeeping, and the hints of how to live, to have, to gain and to be happy are both amusing and instructive, and are well worthy the attention of our wives and daughters.

From **RUDY & CARLETON** we have received *The Habits of Good Society: a Handbook for Ladies and Gentlemen*; by the Man in the Club Window. This is a most amusing and interesting book, discarding in a fluent, humorous and sensible way about men, manners and things. It is essentially English in its character, and much of its matter is chiefly applicable to English society; still a vast proportion of the observations may be safely applied here, and with excellent effect. It is impossible in our brief space to catalogue the infinite variety of subjects treated of in this book, but we can say that it touches upon every point of the manners of our daily life out of doors and indoors, in society and alone; our dress, our habits, our demeanor, riding and walking and driving; our accomplishments, their uses and value; our relations socially to others, and other cognate subjects by far too numerous to mention. All these things are treated of in a most pleasant manner; piquant and humorous anecdotes of an illustrative character are interspersed, and serve as an appetizing sauce to the more solid literary matter. *The Habits of Good Society*, by the Man in the Club Window, is a pleasant book for all people.

**CHARLES SCHREINER** has just published *Poems, Lyrical and Idyllic*, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; a volume as remarkable for variety and racy peculiarity as for delicacy of sentiment and finish. In the first poem, "Bohemia, a Pilgrimage," "The Ballad of Lager Beer" and "The Diamond Wedding," the reader will find the most genial humor daintily blended with that fine appreciation of humanity in widely varied phases which gives a peculiar charm to Hood and Præd. In "The Sleigh Ride," "The Freshet" and "Summer Rain," we have three original and spirited lyrics, based in that study of healthy nature and reality which criticism has declared to be the great want of the art of this age. In his other poems Mr. Stedman shows that he has at one time felt the old spirit of youthful romance, that he appreciates, as in "Penelope," classic lore, and that he is not less at home in the self-searching, soul-questioning school of modern poetry. "Astrea" and "Glimpses of Heaven" are beautiful and finished specimens of this latter style; but we think that, on the whole, Mr. Stedman does best in subjects based on real life. He has, in what artists call *genre* painting, a style of his own, which will, we trust, yet give to American literature many other poems of which it may be truly proud.

### MUSIC.

**Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.**—The return of the singing birds to their house in Fourteenth street was signalled by a brilliant gathering of fashion and beauty at the Academy on Monday evening. Adelina Patti personated the character of Rosina, in "The Barber," in her well-known piquant and pleasant manner, and sang the music with her accustomed facility and grace. She was warmly greeted. Brignoli, Ferri, Amodio and Eusebi acquitted themselves most successfully. It is a fine cast, and ample justice was done to the charming music of Rossini.

On Wednesday evening "Don Pasquale" was produced, and Adelina Patti assumed the character of Norina, for the first time in this city. The music is admirably adapted to her powers, and the character is consonant with her style. executed her rôle gracefully and fluently, rendering the brilliant passages with marked effect. Her acting was natural, and her graceful and coquettish archness, and those magnificent eyes which she uses so fatally, told immensely with the public. Whatever of shortcomings were observable in her delineations must be attributed justly to her extreme youth, and to the not yet fully developed physique. Apart from these she was a charming Norina, and henceforth that character must be considered as one of her successes.

Susini acted and sung the rôle of the humbugged old Don in a most spirited and humorous manner, and added much to the excellent reputation which he has already achieved. He made the character a decided feature. Brignoli was more than usually animated, and sang very charmingly. Ferri, always excepting a tendency to exaggeration, was a most efficient doctor.

The season has opened thus far very successfully, and we have no doubt that the tide of success will keep on steadily until the close.

**Italian Opera, Winter Garden.**—Max Maretzek commenced his season at Winter Garden on Wednesday evening, the 11th, with the opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor," Madame Gassier sustaining the rôle of Lucia, Signor Errani that of Edgardo, and Signor Gassier that of Ashton. This proved to be a strong and brilliant cast. Madame Gassier is one of the best personators of Lucia that we have seen on the American stage. As a vocalist she ranks very high; she is, in truth, a thorough artist in education and feeling. She is also a most excellent actress. Her delineation of the character of Lucia is a studied and finished performance, and won repeated marks of approbation from a crowded audience, especially in the last act, which was a great vocal and dramatic success.

The new tenor, Signor Errani, is an artist of rare merit. He has a fine voice, with ample power, and uses it with skill and judgment. His declamatory powers are excellent, he phrases justly and understandingly, and has keen sense of dramatic emphasis. In addition to these excellences his singing evidences sentiment, passion and pathos. His great "bè" was in the "malediction" scene, which was rendered with such energy and passion that the house rang again with the plaudits. We recognise in Signor Errani one who will, in a great measure, supply the place left vacant by the departure of Salvi.

Signor Gassier is so well known in the rôle of Ashton, that we need only say he acted and sung with his usual rare excellence.

When Max Maretzek entered the orchestra he was greeted with the most hearty and tumultuous applause. It was no party recognition, it was a unanimous and general demonstration of respect and esteem for one of the most faithful and energetic musical managers that ever wielded a baton in New York. Max felt this expression of good-will and liking deeply, and acknowledged it in his usual manly manner. When the applause subsided, he raised his baton and led off one of the best orchestras that he has ever conducted. Its members are all picked men. The chorus is also excellent, and the performance of the opening night gave unqualified delight to the large and brilliant audience assembled to greet the return of Max Maretzek and his artists.

### DRAMA.

**Wallack's.**—The only novelty in the dramatic world for the past week was the production at Wallack's of a London comedy called "Leading Strings." It is not an especially brilliant production, but nevertheless an actual treat after the long siege of sensation drama we have been called upon to endure throughout the winter. The plot is the most fragile description, turning wholly upon the love of a stepmother, Mrs. Leveson, for her son Frank, and her innocent and finally successful intrigue to prevent Master Frank from falling headlong into the matrimonial snares laid for his entrapment by one Edith, a poor, proud dependent on Mrs. Leveson, whose affections are centred, not in Frank, but his money. Frank at last sees Edith in her true character, his perception in that regard being wonderfully assisted by the appearance in the scene of his cousin, Flora Mackenzie, a charming young lady fresh from boarding-school, who takes his heart by storm, and much to the delight of Mrs. Leveson, by accepting his hand rescues him from Edith. This last mentioned lady accepts a former lover, who has suddenly, by the death of an elder brother, tumbled into a fortune and title, thereby rendering himself much more eligible for the situation of husband to the aforesaid scheming demoiselle than even the rich Mr. Leveson. The play, heavy in itself, was so charmingly acted by Mrs. Hoey, Miss Gannon, Mrs. Sloan, Mr. Lester Wallack, Mr. Blake and Mr. Young, that it was a goodly share of applause and was announced for repetition. Mrs. Hoey deserves much credit for the quiet earnestness with which she personated the part of the stepmother; and Miss Gannon as Flora Mackenzie was unusually ingenious and piquant. "Leading Strings" will not probably meet with a great success, but can hardly fail to please those who chance to witness it as at present performed by Mr. Wallack's company.

**Laura Keane's.**—Our prediction concerning the success of the "Colleen Bawn" is verified. It draws crowded audiences nightly, and is undoubtedly the most popular production of the season, during the remaining portion of which it will probably run. Rumor has it that on the 14th of May this regular season closes at this house, and that it will then pass for the summer months into the hands of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and that, should his success as a manager warrant it, he will continue in that position during the following winter, Miss Keane playing a certain number of nights as a star. We give this rumor for what it is worth, but cannot help adding that we most sincerely hope that the pretty theatre which has attained so world-wide a celebrity under Miss Keane's management may, for many, many seasons yet to come, continue to prosper under her able direction.

**Mr. Nixon's Great Circus** has returned to Niblo's Garden, and great is the rejoicing among the juveniles thereof. Brilliant novelties are promised in addition to the favorite performances of the last season.





SPORTING-HOUSES IN LONDON—INTERIOR OF NAT LANGHAM'S FAMOUS SPORTING-HOUSE, THE CAMBRIAN, IN CASTLE STREET, STRAND, LONDON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR RESIDENT ENGLISH ARTIST, C. B. BIRCH, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.

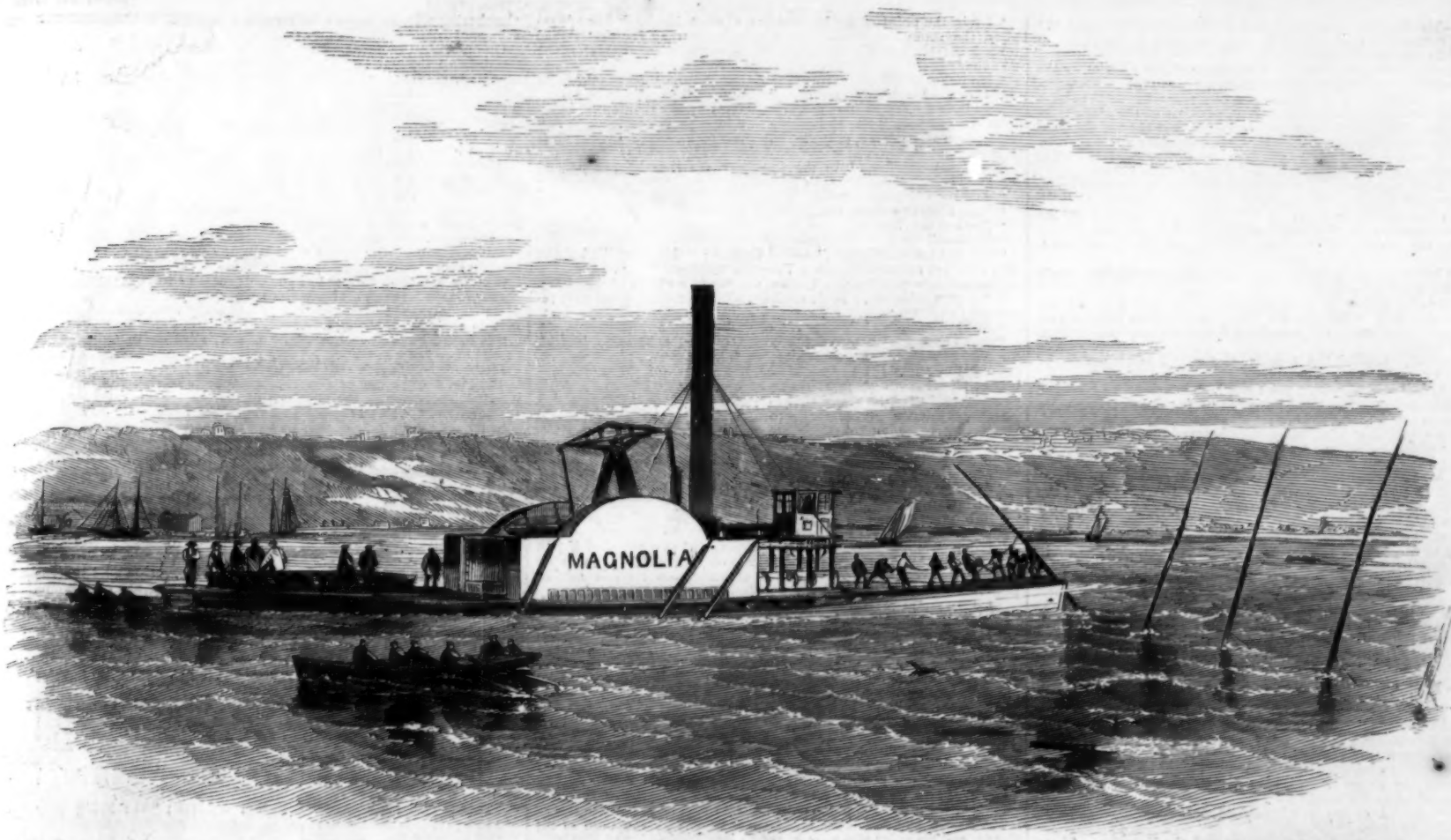


SPORTING-HOUSES IN LONDON—OWEN SWIFT'S, HORSESHOE TAVERN, TICHBOURNE STREET, HAY-MARKET, LONDON, WHERE SAYERS' STAKES WERE PUT UP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR RESIDENT ENGLISH ARTIST, C. B. BIRCH, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.



SPORTING-HOUSES IN LONDON—NAT LANGHAM'S, THE CAMBRIAN, IN CASTLE STREET, STRAND, LONDON, WHERE HEENAN'S STAKES WERE PUT UP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR RESIDENT ENGLISH ARTIST, C. B. BIRCH, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 325.





WAR OF EXTERMINATION UPON THE SHAD-POLES IN THE NORTH RIVER—SERGEANT TODD, WITH A DETACHMENT OF THE HARBOR POLICE, ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP MAGNOLIA, REMOVING THE SHAD-POLES FROM THE CHANNEL.

#### THE SHAD-POLE WAR.

THE obstructions made to the navigation of the Bay and North River by the erection of shad-poles has long been a subject of complaint, and last year many of these palisades were torn up. With that pertinacity which ever distinguishes a Jerseyman when gain is in view, this year the fishermen of that enlightened State proceeded to restore them, and supply the Gothamites with that national luxury. They reckoned, however, without their host—the authorities, unblinded by any love for shad, instructed the River Police to commence an attack upon these piscatorial stockades; and on the 5th the Magnolia steamer, fully armed and equipped for the expedition, steamed towards a collection between Bedloe's and Governor's Islands. They were met by the owners of this illegal and watery encampment, two men named Willis and Gardner, who,

to take 'em up. Much good may it do yer!" The assailants maintaining a dignified silence induced another Jerseyman to say, "I wish you fellows had to work for your bread as hard as we do!" The assailants remained still silent. At last one of them was so provoked that he applied the end of his thumb to the point of his nasal ornament, and after spreading it out, as though to call upon the elements for their aid, he rapidly made his outspread digits revolve round its centre, and telling his companions to pull off, left the poles to their fate.

The next row attacked was the stockade off the Battery, and these one by one fell before the determined bravery of the invaders. No resistance was offered, although many threats were made as to what they meant to do if they were so unwarrantably interfered with next time.

As there is ample room for shad fishery in the shoal waters, the fishermen have brought it upon themselves by their extreme disregard of the public convenience. Every person conversant with shipping knows that the action of the tide frequently gives to these shad-poles the character of a snag, equally dangerous with those of the Mississippi.

The Magnolia was under the command of Sergeant Todd, of the Harbor Police, and the second in command was Coxswain Holland. These gentlemen did their unpleasant duty with great courtesy and firmness, and we are indebted to them for their kind attention to our artist who accompanied the expedition.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO CAPT. ASA F. MILLER, OF CO. H, SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.—SEE PAGE 325.

upon promising to remove the most objectionable of the shad-poles, were left alone till next day. A few boats from the Communipaw and New York shores had put off in the hope of sharing in the booty. Their disappointment was poignant; they, however, consoled themselves by the reflection that shad is a very bony fish, and that there have been instances of persons being choked by them.

After this parley the Magnolia proceeded to a series of poles on the Long Island shore, which almost stretched across the channel. Here they met with a resistance equal to that offered to the Anglo-French at the mouth of the Peiho. Never did a bungling dentist tug harder at a sound tooth than did the police on the shad-poles. Some of them were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their owners, and obstinately refused to "move on." While this tedious process was going on, a boat containing some five or six Jerseymen observed them with varying countenances. When one of their precious poles came up from its muddy gum their anguish was painful to behold. When the pole offered a vigorous resistance a smile of grim delight buttered their faces with its greasy light. Now and then they would descend to criticism: "I say, misters, we put those poles down with less trouble than it gives you

#### THE MYSTERY; OR, THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

##### CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE is no city in the world which so completely fills the mind with visions and recollections of the past as Rome; it mingles with the present, appears inseparable from the future, giving to the pursuits and even to the pleasures of the traveller a charm and a peculiar tone.

On the evening appointed for the reception of the young Englishmen into the order of the Carbonari, an interesting fête was to be celebrated by the students of the French Academy in the Colosseum. They had obtained permission to sing the Angelus and the evening service within its walls, hallowed by the blood of so many Christian martyrs.

Scarcely a visitor to the Eternal City but was present, it being one of those rare events which become a memory in after life—a circumstance for age to recall with pleasure when dwelling on the scenes of youth. Again the giant arena was to be crowded with the élite



THE MYSTERY.—"Father, lead me was, on the cross and the foot of the cross!"



of Rome—her nobles, alas! how fallen; her priesthood and the thousands of strangers who come to worship, some at the shrine of art, others in the temples of her faith.

It is a question whether the historian, the poet, the pilgrim, or the botanist would derive most pleasure from a visit to the Colosseum, whose ruins, magnificent in decay, are covered with flowers of a hundred dyes, some of them, we believe, peculiar to the place.

There is not a more glorious view upon earth than the one obtained from the summit of the vast amphitheatre, especially when seen by moonlight; a silvery atmosphere bathing the Sabine hills, the wilds of the Campagna, and the temples and arches of the Forum.

Calvary may, nay, must be more solemn, from the awful associations connected with it; but, certainly, not more beautiful.

In one of the noble galleries of the lofty ruin, apart from the crowd, promenading in the centre of the building, sat four friends listening to the music, Oliver, Phil, Ernest and the young artist, Carlo.

A sweet but melancholy feeling stole over them as the last words of the hymn faded on their ears.

"I can imagine Milton to have listened to the chaunt of the Angelus upon this spot," observed our hero, "and remembered it with pleasure in his blindness. He must have drawn his inspirations from some such scene."

"Raphael did," replied the painter, Carlo. "I know nothing of Milton but by name; I am told he equals our divine Dante."

"In strength," said Ernest, "yes; but in tenderness and beauty he far surpasses him. The blind bard had no prototype; Dante, on the contrary, had Lucan."

"You are thinking of the Pharsalia," observed his friend. "I am scarcely qualified to judge; but even I have been struck by the resemblance."

"Hush!" interrupted Oliver, "they are about to sing again."

With that incongruity of taste so peculiar to the French, the students commenced the "*Domine salvem fac regem Ludovicum Philippum*."

Only imagine, gentle reader, "God save Louis Philippe!" in the Colosseum by moonlight, and after the divine music of Allegri! No wonder it destroyed the speaker's waking dream of poetry.

"Let us descend to the arena," said Oliver; "I can promenade to this."

The proposal was agreed to.

As they quitted the long, vaulted corridor where they had been sitting, two shadowy figures glided after them.

In the centre of the amphitheatre Phil recognized the Countess Belgioso and Bianca, attended by the chamberlain of the cardinal, and hastened to join them. The fair Italian regarded him with surprise; evidently she had not expected to meet him in the Colosseum.

"It is at midnight," whispered her lover, alluding to the hour appointed for his admission to the Carbonari.

These words reassured her that his purpose was unchanged.

The ecclesiastic who accompanied them appeared anything but pleased when the young Englishman joined them, and whispered some observation to the mother.

"He is the friend of my son," replied the countess, "and well known to his eminence."

Twice during their walk they encountered the Venetian. There was something sinister in the look with which he regarded them, and it so terrified Bianca that she expressed a wish to return to the Doria Palace at once.

Phil escorted her to the carriage of the cardinal, which was waiting, and then returned to seek his friends. As he passed through the crowd a loud shriek and shouts of "Assassin!" fell upon his ear. They proceeded from one of the corridors.

So many hastened in the direction whence the alarm proceeded, that it was not without difficulty he could make his way.

Again the cry of "Assassin!" was repeated.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "it is the voice of Oliver."

Half frantic with terror, Phil forced a passage through the throng. The glare of torches, torn from the temporary orchestra, guided him till he found himself in the vaulted passage he had so lately quitted, where a sight presented itself that wrung his heart, even while it assured him of the safety of his dearest friend.

Ernest lay bleeding, dying in the arms of Oliver and Carlo. The hired assassins had mistaken the young painter for Phil, and struck him in the dark. His wounds, alas! were mortal.

"My father," murmured the victim, "my poor father!"

"Ernest, dear Ernest!" sobbed our hero. He could not proceed; tears choked his utterance. As for Carlo, it would be impossible to describe his grief. They had been friends from boyhood; their young hearts knit together by a thousand sympathies and recollections, mutual kindness and affection.

The young painter had frequently shared his scanty means with his less fortunate fellow-student.

"Bear me," said the dying boy, "from this gloomy corridor to the arena, where I may take a farewell look of nature. It is something," he added, with a faint smile, "to draw my last breath in the midst of these glorious ruins, surrounded by those who love me."

A dozen arms, at least, were proffered to support him, but those who had most right to mourn would permit no one to share the sad duty with them.

His three friends raised him gently from the ground, and carried him to the foot of the cross in the centre of the amphitheatre, where so many martyrs as young and good as he had perished.

"You will not forget me?" murmured Ernest, gazing on the pale, weeping faces that bent over him. "But why did I ask the question? I am sure you will not—my name will be a memory to you, but nothing to the world. Had I lived," he added, with a faint flush of enthusiasm, "it might not have remained unknown."

"Friendship shall embalm it," exclaimed Oliver.

"And avenge it!" added Carlo, yielding to the impulse of his warm and passionate nature. "I promise it, swear it by your kindness, the love that never failed me, the heart that shared its thoughts with me. Ernest! Ernest! oh, that I might die to save you!"

"Poor Carlo!" sighed his friend. "Yes, yes, there are many that will miss and mourn me. You know where the English poet is buried," he continued, "he who died so young—at the foot of the tomb of Festus—lay me there; and when the flowers are fresh upon my grave, visit it."

"Tell my father it was my wish, my last wish, save one, and that is—to receive his blessing ere I died."

To watch the last flickering of the lamp of life, the look of affection stronger than death, the gradual closing of the eyes that never beamed but in kindness upon us, and when all is over, to press them down with pious gentleness, are the heart's trials; all else is light compared with them, for hope still lingers to cheer and sustain us.

It was terrible to mark the suppressed agony of Carlo, but he did suppress it till the gentle boy, the enthusiast of his art, beloved by all who knew him, rendered his pure soul to Him who gave it; then it broke forth in all the wildness of despair. He cast himself frantically at the feet of the corpse, calling upon the name of Ernest.

"He does not hear me!" he exclaimed, "he will not answer me."

"He hears you in heaven," said Oliver, manfully struggling with his own sorrow. "Remember, we shall all one day meet our lost friend again, if we live as he lived, and die with a heart as pure."

"You cannot feel my loss," murmured the mourner; "you have parents, brothers, kindred who love you—I had only him. He gave me my first lessons, shared his means with me, was never ashamed to own me in my poverty. Life rarely bestows two such friends."

Amongst the numerous persons assembled that night in the Colosseum were students of the different academies who had known and loved the young painter well, and deeply regretted his untimely death.

Procuring a bier from the nearest church, they placed the body reverently upon it to convey it to the residence of his father in the Via Condotti. A crowd of young men followed.

As they passed the hotel in the Corso where Count Cimitelli resided, he summoned the butler or waiter, and demanded with affected indifference what had occurred.

"An assassination, signor," replied the man.

"Indeed! Whom?"

"Only an Englishman."

The Venetian smiled, and calling for his cloak, wandered forth into the Piazza d'Esperia, in order to meet the instruments of his crime, and pay them their promised recompense.

He found them waiting, as he had appointed, at the corner of the Propaganda, opposite the Gregorio Palace.

"We trust the signor is satisfied with us," observed Baptiste, who having the honor of a surname—an advantage his companion could not boast of—took upon himself to be spokesman.

"Perfectly. You struck home."

"I felt the point of my knife graze against his back bone," replied the second ruffian. "Your excellency may see that it has turned the edge of it," he added, at the same time producing the weapon.

"No; that will do," muttered their employer. "I will take your word for it—I may rely that he is dead, then?"

"As the poor fellow they had the inhumanity to execute last week. Every one expected His Holiness would have pardoned him; he had only taken three lives, *cospetto*, but such services are getting dangerous."

The count distributed to the speakers the sum he had agreed upon. The men deliberately counted it.

"And the *buono mano*, signor?"

"I have paid you handsomely."

"For our services."

"Yes—"

"But not for our silence," added Gaspar; "that must be bought too. We are not to be treated Venetian fashion."

Cimitelli saw that he was known, and made a virtue of necessity. "Are you satisfied?" he demanded, after distributing all that remained in his purse.

"Si, signor. For the present."

The Venetian walked hastily away, mentally blaming himself for not having taken greater precautions to prevent his being recognized by the wretched agents he had employed. He could not parley longer with them, for in an hour or two he had to keep his appointment with the monk at the Capuchini.

On entering the Corso, our hero and Phil quitted the mournful procession, in order to reach the house before it and inform Mr. Austin of his loss. It was some time before the old servant, Philip, answered their summons. When he beheld them he started back—their pale faces terrified him.

"Are you hurt, gentlemen?" he exclaimed.

"Not in body," answered Oliver. "Where is your master?"

"In his own room."

"I must see him."

"Impossible," replied the man, "at least, at present; but if you will remain in the hall I will inform him of your visit."

"It is not one of idle courtesy or ceremony—a terrible misfortune has happened."

At this moment Haro, the favorite dog of Ernest, who had followed Philip to the door, set up a dismal howl.

"My master, my dear young master!" exclaimed the domestic; "say no harm has happened to him, and I will bless you!"

The hound resumed his lugubrious cry.

"They are bringing him here," said Phil, with difficulty maintaining sufficient firmness to reply to him.

"Bringing him!" repeated Philip.

"His body," whispered Oliver.

The old man wrung his hands in passionate grief.

"He has been murdered," added our hero, speaking in the same low tone—"stabbed by some ruffian in the Colosseum."

"It must have been by error, then," sobbed the faithful fellow; "he never had, or deserved to have an enemy—so young, so good, and so brave too! My poor, poor master! who shall tell him this?"

Mr. Austin had heard the repeated summons at the door of his abode, and his voice was now heard calling Philip.

"Do not let him approach," exclaimed the young men, for the torches of those who preceded the body were now visible, "the sight will kill him."

It was too late. Their precaution to spare the father the sudden shock of beholding the body of his murdered son proved a vain one. From the window of the room above he had caught the flash of the torches and the tread of those bearing the corpse, and he divined his loss.

There was something deathlike and terrible in the paleness of his countenance when he descended into the hall to meet it.

"Set him down," he said.

The bearers deposited their burden in the middle of the apartment. With a firm step the bereaved father slowly uncovered the face, bent over it, and kissed it; then falling upon his knees, prayed long and fervently.

Not one of the spectators ventured to offer a word of consolation or break the solemn silence of the scene. Haro, the old hound, crept towards him at last, and began whining piteously.

Mr. Austin rose from his knees.

"Who has done this?" he demanded.

There was a general silence.

"How fell he—in a duel? But no, that is impossible—he never made an enemy."

"I said so," murmured the servant—"I said so."

"He was murdered," replied Oliver, "foully murdered, by some villain in the Colosseum, where we went to hear the Angelus sung by the students of the Academy."

"But we will avenge him," exclaimed Carlo—"hunt his assassins through the world."

"That task is mine," observed the bereaved father, passing his hand, with the air of a man whom misfortune had bewildered, athwart his brow. "I have much to think of—much to avenge. I cannot thank you, friends, as I ought, for your sympathy for my poor boy; but my heart thanks you. Leave me," he added, solemnly, "alone with my sorrow and the dead. Not one word, I beseech you—not a word!"

A request, or rather an entreaty, uttered under such painful circumstances became a command, and one by one the friends of Ernest quitted the house, leaving the parent with the body of his son.

As the last passed out, Philip, at a signal from his master, barred the door.

"Leave me," said Mr. Austin, "and take Haro with you."

The hound, however, refused to quit the corpse; but, crouching down at the foot of the bier, lay with his bloodshot eyes intently watching it.

"I am punished," murmured the unhappy man; "punished where I have sinned. He knows now the stain upon his birth—that he had no legitimate claim to the proud name of his forefathers? Ernest, my son, my son! canst thou forgive me?"

For more than an hour he sat meditating upon the loss he had sustained. So unexpected had been the blow, he felt not at first its full force, or reason must have given way beneath the shock.

He was roused from his reverie at last by two figures enveloped in dark mantles, who glided noiselessly towards the spot where he was standing. One of them touched him gently upon the shoulder.

"Yes, yes!" said the unhappy man, starting like one suddenly awakened from a dream. "I recollect."

"It is near midnight," observed the person who had touched him.

"The hour of judgment," added his companion.

"The judge shall not keep you waiting," said the Englishman, collecting himself. "Forgive me, friends, but I have had a loss—one that will excuse forgetfulness of an office terrible as mine."

"We know and sympathize with it," replied his visitors; "and if you think fit to delegate your power to other hands—"

"No," said Mr. Austin, sternly. "Ernest would have been the first to recall me to my duty. I am ready."

At his first summons Philip, who appeared perfectly aware of his master's intended absence, brought him a mantle similar to those worn by the strangers, and assisted him to put it on.

"Let no one enter here till my return," said the owner of the mansion.

The old servant inclined his head in token of obedience.

"And do not quit the body."

"Quit it?" repeated the man, dashing aside his tears; "do you think me less faithful than his dog?"

He pointed to the hound still crouched at the foot of the bier and watching the corpse.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed the unhappy father. "It is not often that I am thus unjust."

"Dear master—"

"Not a word. We must be stern, Philip—our nerves of steel, our hearts of iron—lest the cause he loved should suffer from our weakness. When that is triumphant we will mourn together."

"When it is," repeated the domestic, as he fastened the door of the mansion after the three members of the Carbonari. "When it is! Dreams! dreams! How much real happiness has he sacrificed to accomplish them."

With these words he returned silently to his post.

## CHAPTER XL.

SATISFIED that his rival had been effectually removed from his path, the Count Cimitelli set forth to keep the appointment with Father Isadore at the Capuchini. The night was a most lovely one. Not a cloud obscured the heavens, in whose broad expanse the moon rode in her calm beauty, paling the stars, and smiling serenely on the

slumbering city, as though its streets had never been polluted by scenes of blood and violence.

On entering the Piazza Barberini, he paused to contemplate the fountain of the Triton. The limpid waters, as they fell into the granite basin from the shell of the river god, sounded like distant music. There was something inexpressibly soothing in their murmurings.

Seating himself upon one of the huge blocks of stone—the spoil of the Colosseum—which still encumbered the Piazza, the murderer began to reflect upon the fate of his victim.

"It was but life," he muttered. "And what is life? A thing accident might have deprived him of, the heat of the malaria poisoned, or a sunstroke at any instant have annihilated; yet neither accident, malaria nor the sunstroke would have been blamed for an event resulting from fixed laws."

"Revenge is my fixed law," he continued, with a sinister smile. "An impediment rose before my path, and I removed it. The case is plain as a premise and its consequence."

Still the Venetian did not feel perfectly at ease. It struck him, perhaps, that for once his logic was at fault, or that the consequence, as he was pleased to term an act of cowardly assassination, might lead to other consequences.

"It should have been both," he added, alluding to Oliver—"it should have been both."

Little did he imagine that both had escaped him.

The clock from the neighboring campanile struck the hour appointed, and, drawing the key from his bosom, the speaker crossed the square and walked rapidly along the low, dead wall of the Capuchini, so rich in lichens, mosses and the thousand glorious mellow tints that Nature paints, until he came to the door described to him which he entered, and found himself in the garden of the convent.

Father Isadore was on his knees at the foot of the cross.

"At your devotions so late?" exclaimed the visitor.

"I have been praying for the dead," replied the monk, solemnly, "and for one who is about to pay the forfeit of his crimes."

"Is there a criminal to be executed?" demanded the count, as he assisted him to rise.

"There is."

The Venetian inquired no further. The observation had neither alarmed nor surprised him. He knew it was one of the obligations of the old man's order to attend the condemned of justice at their last hour.

"Follow me," said the Capuchin; "we are expected."

"By the cardinal secretary?"

"I am forbidden to say by whom," was the reply.

"It must be by his eminence," thought the traitor; "no inferior person would envelope our meeting with such mystery."

"Not there!" he exclaimed, speaking aloud, and at the same time placing his hand upon the shoulder of his conductor, who had unlocked the entrance to a low, arched vault, directly under the church—"not there!"

The monk regarded him with surprise.

"I have heard," added the count, "of the singular horrors of the Capuchini!"

"This is childish," observed Father Isadore; "the living only are to be feared, not the dead."

Still the Venetian hesitated.

"Do as you please," continued the speaker. "I have neither the power to compel nor the wish to persuade you. Those who are waiting you may possess both."

"Proceed," muttered the count, reluctantly, more than ever convinced that he was about to have an interview with the cardinal secretary.

This hesitation was not altogether unnatural. The vaults under the church of the Capuchini consist of a succession of vast chambers, which have been used for ages as the burial-place of the order,

"a charnel-house,  
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With rusty shanks and yellow, chapsless skulls—  
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble."

Following his guide over the uneven pavement, the count passed through a number of low-roofed vaults, whose floors were thickly strewn with graves, and the walls hideously adorned with human bones arranged in fantastic devices. These singular receptacles terminated in three vast halls, the rude masonry of their sides completely hidden by leg and arm bones, piled like cord-wood, niched and pilastered in all the varied forms of architectural designs.

The ceilings vied with those of the mediæval churches in the ingenious variety of their patterns; the acanthus-shaped *sacrum* and *os coccygis* forming a rich cornice, while ribs, fingers, toes and disconnected vertebrae served as mouldings for the curiously wrought panels. Bony chandeliers hung from the centre, and cherubim of death's-heads, with shoulder-bones by way of wings, filled up the corners.

Each chamber, or hall, contained a different design—a moral or religious allegory—wrought in bone. Time, with his scythe and hour-glass; Justice, with the sword and scales; and in the last chamber but one, a crowned skeleton, representing a monarch seated upon a throne of skulls.

In this, the traitor noticed a number of living persons, enveloped in long, hooded cloaks, such as are worn by the members of the religious fraternities in Rome.

"Who are these?" he demanded, in a voice almost inarticulate with terror.

"The guard of those who wait you," replied the monk, in the same cold, passionless tones, in which he had hitherto addressed him.

It was in vain that Cimitelli tried to peer into their faces; their cowls permitted only the eyes of the wearers to be seen.

The walls of the last hall into which he was conducted were divided into niches, each containing the mummified body of a monk clothed in the robe of his order; some were standing, others kneeling as if in devotion, each holding a small cross in his bony fingers, and wearing the knotted cord of St. Francis round his waist.

The above is no fanciful picture, but an unexaggerated description of the vaults of the great Capuchin monastery in the Piazza Barberini, at Rome. They are not usually shown to strangers; but an application to the superior, if backed by a letter of introduction or a gift to the poor-box, will generally procure permission to visit them.

At the further end of this gloomy chamber stood three men, robed and cowed like the group in the preceding one. As the light fell upon their shadowy forms, the murderer detected the hem of a scarlet sash, an inch or two below the dark mantle that enveloped the entire figure. He knew that none but a member of the Sacred College was entitled to wear them.

"It is the cardinal secretary," he mentally exclaimed—"my fears are childish."

"Your name?" said the principal personage.

"Alessandro Cimitelli, a Venetian noble."

"And a member of the Carbonari?" added his interrogator.

"I have already confessed the error into which youth, inexperience and the artifices of evil men have led me, and come to denounce them to your justice."

There was a pause; neither of the three cowed figures answered him.

"I know," continued the traitor, "that I may trust to the mercy—I may add, the gratitude—of the Church, for the service I am about to render. A vast conspiracy exists throughout the Legations—it is active in Rome itself. The Bonapartes are at the head of it."

"How many of the chiefs of the conspiracy are there in Rome?" demanded the same grave, calm voice.

"Three."

"Name them."

"The first is Austin, an Englishman," replied the count; "he must be well known to the police; he has lately quitted the farm rents of the Prince Spada, and taken up his residence in a house in the Via Condotti, where Alfred Belgioso—upon whose head Austria has set a prize—lies concealed."

"The next?"

"Marini, the advocate of the Rota."

"And the third?"

"General Count Armandi, who has quitted the service of Naples to assist in the military organization of the rebels; but even he is less to be feared than the Englishman, Austin, who is the life and soul of the conspiracy. Might I presume to advise one so well qualified to counsel others, I would say that no mercy should be shown the traitor."

"No mercy shall be shown him!" exclaimed the supposed cardinal, throwing back his cowl, and disclosing the pale, stern countenance of Austin.

His companions followed his example, discovering to the terror-stricken Venetian the features of Marini and the General.



"Mercy!" shrieked the wretched man, "mercy! mercy!" "Mercy," repeated the Englishman; "aye, such mercy as thou wouldst have shown to those who, duped by thy falsehood and seeming patriotism, believed and trusted thee, received thee into noble brotherhood, and would have shared with thee the glorious task of delivering their long suffering country—cancelling the foul bond by which the crowned despots of Europe consigned her sons to slavery."

"Hast thou forgotten the oath that bound thee at thy initiation?" he added, solemnly.

The Venetian, conscious that his doom was sealed, determined at least not to die without revenge.

He was too well acquainted with Rome to have traversed its streets and squares at night unarmed. Thrusting both hands into the breast pockets of his coat, he attempted to draw a brace of pistols. The act was the signal for those members of the Carbonari who had glided like shadows into the hall, and stood in a cluster behind him, to secure his person, which was not, however, accomplished till after a desperate resistance.

At last he stood gagged and bound before the chiefs of the order. There was a breathless silence; all wanted to hear the doom pronounced.

"Alessandro Cimitelli, by your own confession you stand convicted. False to your God, your brethren, and your country, listen to your sentence."

There was a silence so profound that not a breath could be heard, as the deep, sonorous voice of the Englishman continued:

"You are numbered with the dead; from this place you will never pass forth. Yet those whom you would have betrayed to the cord and axe will show you this much mercy—they have no wish to destroy the soul as well as body. Thrice the minister of religion will visit you; when he quits you for the third time the door of the vault will not be opened again till you have passed before the judgment-seat of One who reads all hearts."

A moan of stifled agony broke from the lips of the traitor; it was the last appeal he was permitted to make to his judges, who thrust the gag still further into his mouth, as they dragged him to one of the empty recesses, where bands of iron were passed round his neck, feet and body; a robe, similar to those worn by the dead Capuchins, was next thrown over him, and the hood, with its holes for the eyes, drawn over his face.

In this position he stood, fastened like a mummy in its niche, unable to articulate a sound, move hand or foot, and yet cognizant of everything that passed before him. Whilst this terrible scene was being executed, Father Isidore repeated aloud the prayers for the dying.

"Let the prisoner behold the faces of those whom he would have destroyed!" exclaimed the general, who had not hitherto spoken.

At this command every one present unmasked, and the traitor beheld the eyes, not only of the noblest youths of Rome, but her most distinguished citizens, artists, poets and sculptors, fixed upon him with loathing and contempt, whilst he—the perjured, the detected and condemned—stood chained in his living tomb, unable to utter a single word or cry—the dumb witness of their scorn.

Three distinct knocks were heard at the door communicating with the outward hall. At the first, each of the initiated, with one accord, drew the cowl of his robe over his face. At the second, they ranged themselves in a semi-circle, at the back of their chiefs, who still maintained their position in the centre of the apartment. At the third, Austin broke the silence which reigned in the vaulted chamber.

"A signal that candidates are seeking admission to our order," he said, "is it your pleasure to admit them?"

Not a word was uttered, but every head bowed in signal of assent. The door was thrown open, and Oliver and his friend advanced till they stood within a few paces of the cowed group before them.

At the sight of Phil, whom he believed dead, the pang of jealousy, rage and hate which wrung the heart of the Venetian mastered even his terrors. Like most slaves of their passions, he found that he had sinned uselessly.

It would have been a relief could he have cursed him, but even that poor privilege was denied him.

"What seek you?" demanded the father of Ernest.

"The secrets of the Carbonari," replied the young Englishmen, simultaneously.

"It is a noble ambition," replied the chief, "yet not without danger. The sworn liberators of Italy punish with death those who break or seek to break their oaths."

"It cannot affect us," observed the candidates.

"No one, especially a foreigner, can be admitted to our order unless one of the initiated vouches for him," continued the speaker. "Name your sponsor."

"I cannot do that," said Phil, "but I will call upon him to stand forth."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"I believe so."

"Has he promised to answer for you?"

"No."

"Then what reasonable expectation have you of his doing so?"

"The word of one who would not deceive me," replied the lover of Bianca.

One of the group detached himself from his companions, and, raising his cowl, disclosed the features of Alfred Belgioso.

"I answer for him," exclaimed the exile.

This declaration was followed by a general exclamation of "It is sufficient."

"Can you follow the example of your friend?" said the chief of this extraordinary assembly, addressing our hero.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because my friend has been infamously assassinated," exclaimed Oliver, in a tone of deep emotion; "struck by hired murderers in the full flush of health—the pride of genius and every manly virtue. I know not who may hear me, or the names they bear, but thus much will I assert: There beats not in the breasts of this assembly a purer heart than his who, had he been living, would have answered for me."

"His name?"

"Ernest Austin."

There was a general movement of surprise amongst the Carbonari, not one of whom—with the exception of the bereaved parent—was aware of the death of the young painter.

"Who amongst the initiated will replace the sponsor the candidate for admission to our order has lost?" demanded the chief.

"All! all!" broke from the circle round him.

At this response—the tribute of affection to the memory of his son—the heart of the father gave way, and bowing his head upon his breast he wept bitterly.

"The dead answers for you," he murmured, "by the voice of the living. It is sufficient."

Father Isidore now advanced to administer the oath, which, although the order of the Carbonari has now become extinct, or nearly so, we do not feel at liberty to repeat.

"One word," exclaimed our hero, "for myself and friend."

"Speak."

"Is there anything in the obligation we are about to accept incompatible with our allegiance as Englishmen?"

"Nothing," replied the three chiefs.

"Enough. We are ready to receive it."

At the conclusion of the ceremony, which for obvious reasons we cannot describe more minutely, the features of all present were disclosed, and the newly initiated received the congratulations of the members.

Alfred Belgioso was the first to grasp the hands of his friends.

"You can now understand," said Mr. Austin, "much that must have appeared to you so singular and inexplicable at Milan; my interference to prevent the duel—the influence I exercised over Cimitelli."

"Would you had permitted it to take place," observed Phil, bitterly; "for I suspect that—"

He hesitated. His honorable spirit recoiled from accusing his rival in his absence, simply because he was his rival.

"What is it you suspect?" demanded the bereaved parent—"Ernest, my son—but no—he never came in contact with the villain; their paths were as different as infamy and virtue."

"I have no motive for concealing the deep conviction which oppresses me," said Oliver. "The blow was not intended for Ernest, but for my friend, who has crossed the count where his interests and passions are engaged."

An unexpected light broke upon the unhappy father. With a cry of anguish he pointed to the niche in which the Venetian was chained.

"Release him!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice. "Let me gaze upon the murderer of my son."

General Armandi and the most influential members of the order pressed round him, and represented to him that he could not add to the punishment of one already sentenced to the awful penalty for treachery to their order.

"It would be mockery, not justice," they urged.

"True," murmured their chief, "true. It was the weakness of the father; not the man. Forgive me, friends, forgive me."

All that Oliver and Phil understood from this was, that Cimitelli was present. They were spared the horror of witnessing his fate, which, however merited, would have revolted their English notions of humanity.

Come with me to my home—my now desolate home," said Mr. Austin, addressing the two friends; "private sorrow must give way to duty. I will give you your instructions. It is in your power materially to aid the cause of Italian independence, by receiving and transmitting certain correspondence."

The young men assured him that the cause to which they had newly pledged themselves might command their services in every way compatible with honor, provided it did not interfere with their fixed motive of avenging the assassination of Ernest.

"As far as human justice can punish crime," said Mr. Austin, solemnly, "it is avenged already—you will never meet the contriver of my poor boy's death again. As for the vile instruments he employed, leave them to me—they are beneath your notice, and I have sure means to reach them."

In groups of twos and threes, the members of the Carbonari emerged from the vaults of the Capuchins; some entered the church to wait the early mass, others departed at once for their homes. Amongst the latter was the speaker, accompanied by the newly received members of the order.

Should any of our readers ever visit the singular vaults of the Capuchins in the Piazza Barberini, they will discover in the hall or chamber an arched recess, containing a skeleton enveloped in a robe and cowl differing in form from those of the monks buried, or rather preserved there.

They cannot fail to recognise the particular one we allude to by the following inscription:

"SENZA NOME."  
(Without name.)

As they contemplate the frail record of humanity let them call to mind the fate of Alessandro Cimitelli.

Although the elder Austin had long been an object of suspicion to the Roman Government, the murder of his son was a crime which public decency, and we may add, a sense of justice, did not permit them to pass over without some attempt to discover the assassins. The victim was an Englishman, an additional motive for exertion; for, however the Papal authorities may affect to despise them, they are nervously sensitive of their opinion.

Orders, therefore, were issued by the Governor of Rome to the police to bring the perpetrators to punishment, but as no reward was offered they remained a dead letter.

Oliver and Phil were indefatigable in their endeavors.

Major Henderson, sympathizing with the indignation and sorrow of his wards, at last recollected the lawyer in the Ripetta who had promised to discover for him the abode of Sir Cuthbert Vavasour, and he gave the young men his address.

"You had better take Peter Mari with you," he said, "for the neighborhood is dangerous."

The caution was not thrown away, and the young men, attended by the old soldier, set out for the Ripetta.

The appearance of three men well armed somewhat alarmed the lawyer, who parleyed with them through the grating of his strongly-barred door till perfectly satisfied that his visitors were Englishmen, when he at once admitted them.

Oliver stated the motive of their visit.

"You will raise a host of enemies about you," observed the old man; "every relative of the assassins, should you succeed in dragging them to justice, will deem it a point of honor to avenge them."

The well-filled purse which our hero produced silenced at once the scruples and the interest the speaker affected to feel for the safety of the young Englishmen.

"Well," he said, after pocketing his fee—a heavy one—"the murderers of Ernest Austin are concealed in the hospital of San Spirito."

An expression of incredulity escaped from the lips of both his visitors.

Strange as it may appear, the circumstance of a criminal concealing himself in the great hospital of Rome is not an isolated one. In 1836, Rocco, who attempted the life of Lady Coventry, found shelter there for several days, and was only removed on an order signed by Gregory XVI.

"We will at once demand them," exclaimed the young men.

Signor Luigi smiled.

"What step would you advise?"

"Although I have long since retired from the practice of my profession," answered the lawyer, "I do not give advice." The young men understood the hint, and the purse of Oliver was completely drained.

"Do nothing," said the old man; "drop all further inquiries, the ruffians will soon tire of their retreat. The instant they quit it I will give you intelligence; were you to demand their arrest now, so many formalities would have to be gone through, they would have time to escape."

"Signor Luigi was right, quite right," said Mr. Austin, when the two friends described their interview with the old lawyer, and repeated his advice. "We must wait."

About ten days afterwards a ragged boy placed in the hands of our hero a scrap of paper, with the following words written in a disguised hand:

"Gaspar and Baptiste Benevento, on Thursday next, will be at the festival of their native village of Boletro."

"Enough!" exclaimed the bereaved father. "We will be there to meet them."

Never had a greater number of artists and students been seen at the festa of Boletro—a scattered hamlet situated at the foot of the Alban hills—than on the day Oliver and Phil, accompanied by Carlo and a host of the friends of the murdered Ernest, set forth to visit it. Had their purpose been less serious, the youthful travelers would have felt delighted at the picturesque costume of the peasants, and the beauty of the women from Tivoli, who still retain that queenlike grace poets have celebrated and painters loved.

All appeared sunshine and happiness. Age, manhood, youth and childhood joined in the rustic sports, which were only interrupted on the appearance of some solitary monk, gliding through the crowd, rattling the box he carried to collect alms for his convent.

Despite his sorrow, poor Carlo several times felt half inclined to draw forth his pencil and sketch them.

The greater portion of the day had passed without the assassins making their appearance, and the two friends began to grow impatient.

"Signor Luigi has deceived us," whispered Oliver.

"Wait," replied Mr. Austin; "you see how patient I have grown."

There was something terrible in the calm tone of the speaker. Evidently his confidence in the information sent by the old lawyer was unshaken.

The event proved that he was correct.

Towards evening a group of dancers formed in front of the campfire; gradually a circle of artists and students gathered round them, working their way so as to exclude the women and children, and flashing eyes were fixed upon two peasants whose hats were gaily decorated with ribbons.

They were the murderers of Ernest.

At last the music ceased.

"Place, signor," said one of the men, addressing himself to Mr. Austin.

In an instant a grasp of iron was fixed upon the neck of the speaker, and the long knife snatched from the gaudy-colored shawl twisted round his waist; at the same moment Carlo and Oliver secured his companion.

Then followed a succession of shrieks from the females, and loud cries for succor.

"It is useless," exclaimed the outraged father, raising his voice above the noise of the crowd; "they are the assassins of my son!"

The peasants, most of whom were neighbors, friends or relatives of the accused, made a desperate attempt to rescue them; but to their surprise a hundred weapons at least were drawn against them by the members of the Carbonari, who had quitted Rome to avenge the death of the young painter.

"You have no right to arrest them," said the village podesta.

"If they have committed any crime I am the proper authority. Consign them to my charge; I will answer for them."

"Yes, yes," shouted the men, "that is only fair; consign them to the charge of the podesta."

Again the peasants pressed to rescue the assassins, and for a few instants students, artists and prisoners were mingled together in confusion. The scene lasted not long; a yell of rage and terror broke from the crowd, who recoiled as rapidly as they had advanced.

Gaspar and his comrade lay dead in the midst of them; justice had been done. The hands of Austin and Carlo had struck down the murderers of Ernest.

(To be continued.)

## Sporting-Houses in London.

NAT. LANGHAM'S AND OWEN SWIFT'S.

We present our readers this week with most accurate sketches of the exterior and interior of these two well-known sporting-houses. They are the part of a series which we have received from our appointed resident artist, C. B. Birch, Esq., of London. These two celebrated houses are the resort of the better class of sporting men in London, and, in connection with Alexander Keene's, monopolize the business of that portion of the community who make sporting life one of pleasure and profit. In pugilism these places excel all others in affording information to outsiders; they are, as it were, the Tattersalls, where the rate of betting on any coming "mill" can be most accurately obtained.

The coming encounter between Heenan and Sayers has brought each of these notable places into a greater celebrity than they have heretofore enjoyed. It was at these inns that the stake money for the present all-absorbing contest was put up. The principals, in all cases, having the right to name a public-house, they of course chose those with whom they are on the most intimate terms of friendship, and in this instance Sayers chose Owen Swift's, and Heenan chose Nat. Langham's. Here the backers alternately put up two hundred and fifty dollars aside on certain named nights; and as these events are of intense interest to the fancy and the inquiring public generally, immense numbers congregate on these occasions, and the amount of the business done in serving the excited crowd with "half-and-half," "blue ruin," "cream of the valley," "old Tom," and other exhilarating beverages peculiar to the London tap-room is enormous indeed. As a consequence, this is a source of great profit to the proprietors, and the event of putting up stake-money is therefore one of no mean character either to landlord or patron.

These places have not acquired their world-wide renown without just cause. Their proprietors are men of note among their class, each having accomplished feats in the prize ring which entitle them to the patronizing plaudits of their customers.

Owen Swift was for a long time the leading light-weight in England. He beat old Barney Aaron, the father of the present champion of light weights in this country, and afterwards beat Izzy Lazarus, who now keeps a tavern in Chatham street, in this city. Swift was afterwards beaten by Hammer Lane, who subsequently fought and was beaten by Yankee Sullivan in a hard contested battle. Sayers, from old friendship, selected Owen Swift's as the place for putting up his deposits, and Heenan nominated Nat. Langham's as his quarters.

Nat. Langham was champion of the middle weights for many years. He was looked upon as one of the best sparrers and fighters for his pounds throughout the kingdom. In 1853 he beat, after a terrific battle, the now celebrated champion, Tom Sayers, himself. At the conclusion Sayers was so blinded he could not go on. After winning innumerable battles with men much heavier than himself, he was finally beaten by Harry Orme, a man much after the fashion of John Woods, of Boston, and at least seventeen pounds heavier. Langham's weight was about one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and the tremendous prowess he exhibited in all his encounters gave him a name and a position which has served, in a peculiar way, of placing him in comfortable circumstances for life. The sketch we furnish of the interior of Nat. Langham's on the occasion of the last deposit is one of striking truthfulness.

## ARREST OF F. A. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASS.

THE Investigating Committee on the Harper's Ferry affair, believing that F. A. Sanborn, a teacher in the town of Concord, Mass., was capable of affording information on the subject under inquiry, recently summoned him to appear before them. The summons being refused, the United States Deputy Marshal, with four assistants, went to Concord, April 3d, with a warrant for his arrest. Going to the house where he lived between nine and ten o'clock P.M., they knocked at the door, when Mr. Sanborn appeared, and the Deputy handed him the warrant. "On his refusal to acknowledge it," says one account published in the Boston Courier, "he was seized and handcuffed." Mr. Sanborn, in his own account to the Tribune, says that they refused to let him see their warrant, and finally handcuffed him, after reading only a few lines of it—a discrepancy which will undoubtedly be sifted before a proper tribunal.

The only other person in the house at the time was a sister of Mr. Sanborn, who hearing the noise, though without understanding the affair at the instant, cried murder. Her brother requested her to run to a neighbor's, one Colonel Whiting, for aid. Efforts were being made to place the prisoner in a carriage, when Miss Sanborn returned, and, as Sanborn says, seized one of the Marshal's aides, Mr. Coolidge, by the beard. She then took the whip and lashed the horses so that it took four men to hold them, and the Marshal could not get the prisoner in alone. A great number of people now assembled, among them Honorable Nathan Brooks and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, as Sanborn states, "rushed up to Carlton (the Marshal) and said, 'Who are you, sir? By what right do you hold this man?' Bells were now ringing, and the town was up." Some one now proceeded to the house of Judge Hoar and obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, which was at once served by Deputy Sheriff John B. Moore. After some resistance and struggling between the crowd and the Marshal's men, the latter took to flight. Great anger prevailed, and, as Sanborn states, his friends could hardly be restrained from killing the officers. Soon after Sanborn swore out a complaint against the officers before Justice Bell, and they were arrested next day at Boston.

The excitement which prevailed in Concord at the time was so great that a Mr. Hooper died of it. As another incident connected with the event, we may state that the friends of Miss Sanborn have presented her with a silver mounted revolver.

## PRESENTATION OF A MEDAL TO CAPTAIN ASA F. MILLER, OF COMPANY H SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

THE elegant and costly medal which we engrave this week was presented to Captain Asa F. Miller, of Company H Seventy-first Regiment, at a battalion drill held on Tuesday evening, March 23d, at the State Arsenal, corner of Thirty-fifth street and Seventh avenue, by the members of his Company, as a slight testimonial of his worth, in a neat and complimentary speech by Lieutenant A. N. Pride, to which the Captain responded in a feeling and eloquent manner.

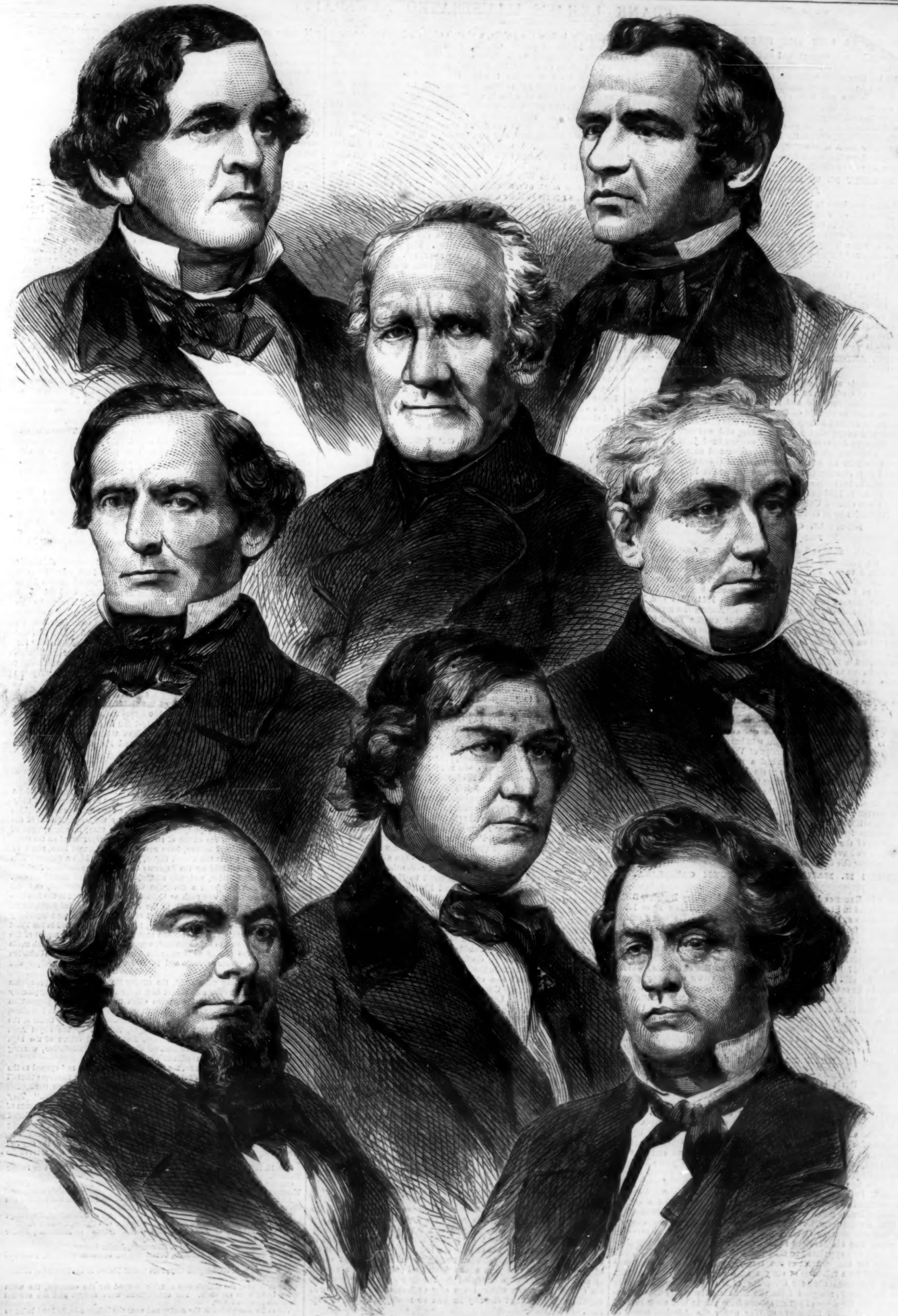
The medal was designed by Sergeant E. D. Wilson, and manufactured by Charles S. Fordham, 169 Broadway, at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars, and in our estimation reflects much credit upon the designer.





GRAND MASONIC CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 30, IN HONOR OF THE MEMORY OF GENERAL QUITMAN.—PORTRAIT BY ERADY, WITH  
MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF ALBERT PIKE.—SEE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE, PAGE 323.





HOWELL COBB, OF VIRGINIA.  
JEFFERSON DAVIS, OF MISSISSIPPI.  
JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

SAMUEL HOUSTON, OF TEXAS.  
ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, OF VIRGINIA.

ANDREW JOHNSON, OF TENNESSEE.  
JAMES H. HAMMOND, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.  
ROBERT TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.

PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT POLITICIANS WHOSE NAMES ARE LIKELY TO COME BEFORE THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION AS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES



## CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1861.

We publish this week correct and striking portraits of eight of the prominent candidates for the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States for the four years succeeding March 4th, 1861. At no period of our history have so many candidates for that office been before the people. There are men of every stripe of politics—men of strong antecedents and powerful social influence arrayed against each other, so that the contest will be bitter and desperate. Each party will marshal its full forces—will arouse the indolent and interest the indifferent, so that the Presidential vote for 1861 will be the largest ever cast. A brief account of the antecedents of the candidates will render our readers familiar with their claims for the high office they all aim to obtain.

## ROBERT M. T. HUNTER, OF VIRGINIA.

Photograph by Brady.

Mr. Hunter was born in Essex County, Virginia, and after studying at the University of Virginia, established himself as a lawyer. In 1834 he was elected as representative of Essex county to the House of Delegates, and was honored with re-election in 1835 and 1836. At that time he was a Whig, and in the House denounced General Jackson and eulogized Henry Clay. In 1837 he was elected to Congress, and was re-elected in 1845, officiating as Speaker of the Twenty-Sixth Congress. In 1851 he was elected Senator, as the regular Democratic nominee, for six years. He was offered the important office of Secretary of State by President Pierce, which offer he refused. Mr. Hunter entertains large and comprehensive views, and possesses copious information in connection with our national finances. He holds, at present, the position of Chairman of the Finance Committee, and is also a member of the Library and Pacific Railroad Committees. Mr. Hunter is a Democrat of the school of John C. Calhoun.

## HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, OF TENNESSEE.

Photograph by Whitehurst.

Mr. Johnson is a son of North Carolina, having been born in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1808. He was apprenticed to a tailor when he was ten years old, and followed the business until he was seventeen, when he started on foot and reached Greenville, Tennessee, where he opened a shop. He was, at this time, entirely without education and unacquainted with reading and writing, but his in-born talent soon displayed itself. He worked hard, joined debating societies, educated himself, made speeches, and so rapidly won a name, that in 1830 he was elected Mayor of Greenville. This was followed by his election to the State Legislature in 1835, and to the State Senate in 1841. He represented Tennessee in Congress from 1843 till 1853. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and in 1857 he was elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1863. In politics he is claimed as a National Democrat.

## HOWELL COBB, OF GEORGIA.

Photograph by Whitehurst.

Howell Cobb was born in Cherry Hill, Jefferson county, Georgia, in 1815. He graduated at Franklin College, Georgia, in 1834, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In 1837 he was elected by the Legislature, Solicitor-General of the western part of his State. His reputation at this time was at once solid and brilliant. He was elected to Congress in 1842, and re-elected in 1844, 1846 and 1848, serving as Speaker during the latter term. Among the memorable speeches of Mr. Cobb may be mentioned that on the Tariff in 1844, on the Annexation of Texas in 1845, on the Oregon question in 1846, and in 1848 on the causes and conduct of the Mexican war. He was elected Governor of Georgia after his retirement from Congress, but was re-elected to the National Legislature in 1855. On the accession of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidential chair, Mr. Cobb was offered and accepted the position of Secretary of State, which office he still occupies. Howell Cobb is claimed as a Union Democrat.

## JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Photograph by Whitehurst.

James L. Orr, who claims to be a National Democrat, and opposed to secession and disunion, was born in 1822 in Claytonville, S. C. He studied at the University of Virginia, and practised law at Anderson, where he published a paper called the *Anderson Gazette*. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1844 and '45, and to Congress in 1848 as Representative from South Carolina, and has been regularly re-elected to that honorable position up to the present time. He has been a marked man throughout his Congressional career; his calm, earnest and gentlemanly demeanor, and his really brilliant talents commanding the esteem and respect of all. He has frequently occupied the position of Chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and the qualities which we have mentioned exercised a wholesome and powerful influence over the discussions.

## JAMES H. HAMMOND, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Photograph by Brady.

James H. Hammond was born in 1807 in Newbury District, S. C. He graduated in State College, Columbia, practised law from 1828 to 1830, and was the editor of the *Southern Times*. He was elected to Congress from his native State, and served from 1835 to 1837, when he made the tour of Europe. In 1842 he was elected Governor of South Carolina, after which for many years he retired from active public life, dividing his time between literary and agricultural pursuits. In 1857 he was elected to the United States Senate, which position he still occupies. He has strong views on many great questions; he is opposed to reopening the African slave trade, believing that it would prove ruinous to slavery in the South; he thinks there is no room for the extension of slavery in the Union, and is opposed to the extension of it by conquest, and he disapproves of the idea of Mexico, Central America and even Cuba. His political views, it will be seen, are therefore entirely conservative and independent.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Photograph by Whitehurst.

Jefferson Davis is not a native of Mississippi. He was born in 1808 in Christian county, Kentucky, but was removed to his infancy to Mississippi. He graduated at West Point Academy in 1828 as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and at once commenced active service with his company against the Indians upon the frontiers. His energy and ability soon won him distinction, and he rose to be Adjutant in his regiment, serving frequently in the Quartermaster's Department. He resigned from the army in 1835, and retired to a cotton plantation on the Mississippi, where for eight years he read and studied, preparing himself as judiciously for the public career which he knew was before him. In 1843 he took the stump for James K. Polk, and labored earnestly for his election. Mr. Davis is denominated a "fire-eater" in the North, which means a strong Southern Rights man. He was elected to Congress from Mississippi in 1845, for one term, but the Mexican War breaking out he resigned his seat and became Colonel of a Volunteer regiment to serve in Mexico. For his services in Mexico he was made a Brigadier-General. He was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Senate in 1847, was elected for the balance of the term, but when it expired he was re-elected for a full term of six years. During this period Jefferson Davis was nominated for Governor of Mississippi, and, accepting the nomination, resigned from the Senate. He was, however, defeated, and for a short period retired from public life, until in 1853 he was appointed Secretary of War under the Administration of President Pierce. He still holds the position of United States Senator, to which he was elected in 1857.

## SAMUEL HOUSTON, OF TEXAS.

Photograph by Webster & Bro., Louisville, Ky.

It seems almost unnecessary to say who the redoubtable General Sam Houston is, for his name has been a familiar household word for many a year past. Still, as his name will possibly be again

prominently before the public, a sketch of his adventurous career will not be out of place. General Sam Houston was born near Lexington, Kentucky, on the 2d of March, 1793. He was quite young when his father died, and his mother removed to the banks of the Tennessee River with her family. He gained a desultory sort of education, and lived for several years among the Cherokees. He then tried his future as a clerk, afterwards as a school-teacher, and finally, in 1813, he enlisted and served under General Jackson, in the Creek Indian war. It is needless to say that he distinguished himself, and then he rose to rank. At the conclusion of the war he resigned and studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1818. He was elected District Attorney for Davidson district in 1819, and Major General of Tennessee in 1821. He was elected to Congress in 1823, and again in 1825, and in 1827 was made Governor of Tennessee. In 1832 he repaired to Washington and laid before the President the clearest and most overwhelming evidence of the conduct of the Government agents in their dealings with the Indians, and the result was the dismissal of a large number of principals and accessories. During a subsequent visit to Texas he was requested to allow his name to be used in the canvass for a convention to form a constitution for Texas, prior to its admission into the Mexican union. He consented, and was unanimously elected. The constitution was submitted to President Santa Anna for approval. It was rejected, with a demand for the Texans to give up their arms. They determined upon resistance; a militia was organized, and Austin, the founder of the colony, was elected Commander-in-Chief, in which office he was shortly after succeeded by General Houston. He conducted the war with vigor, and finally brought it to a successful termination by the battle of San Jacinto, in April, 1836. In May, 1836, he signed a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas, and in October of the same year he was inaugurated the first President of the Republic. At the end of his term of office, as the same person could not be constitutionally elected President twice in succession, he became a member of the Texas Congress. In 1841 he was again elevated to the Presidential chair. During the whole time that he held that office his favorite policy was the annexation of Texas to the United States, but he retired before the consummation of his wishes. In 1844 Texas became one of the States of the Union, and General Houston was elected to the Senate. He is classed in politics as an old-fashioned Jackson Democrat.

## ROBERT TOOMBS, OF GEORGIA.

Photograph by Whitehurst.

Robert Toombs was born in Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, and graduated in Union College, Schenectady. He studied law and practised as a lawyer, but abandoned his profession for a time, and served as Captain of a volunteer corps in the Creek war of 1830, under General Scott. He was elected to the State Legislature of Georgia in 1837, and represented his State in Congress from 1845 to 1853, when he was elected to the United States Senate, by the Legislature, to succeed Robert M. Charlton (Democrat), and has been elected for another term, which expires in March, 1865. He is a Democrat with Whig antecedents.

We shall continue our portraits of the probable Presidential candidates in our next.

## THE LATE GENERAL QUITMAN.

The memory of John Anthony Quitman has, in a manner, a two-fold interest at this present time, when so recently the stability of the Union was threatened. He was by birth a Northern man, and by adoption a Southern man. He was fully of man's estate before he left the North. The remainder of his life was identified with the interests of the South. New York is as proud of him as her native son, as Mississippi is of having him adopt her as a mother to be devotedly served. The life of General Quitman is replete with ennobling examples to young men. It is true he had the advantage of a good education, against the want of which so many of our distinguished public men have had to labor, but his uprightness, his manliness, his heroism, will inspire many an ardent youth to imitate them.

John Anthony Quitman was born at Rhinebeck, Dutchess county, New York, on the 1st of September, 1799, and he died on the 17th of July, 1858, so that he had not quite reached the age of three score years. His father was Rev. Dr. Frederick Henry Quitman, a Prussian by birth, and Pastor of two Evangelical Churches in Dutchess county. His mother was a daughter of the Governor of the Island of Curacao. The fifth of seven children, John Anthony was intended by his father for the church, and received an excellent education in the classics, Biblical literature, modern languages and literature. In his twentieth year he was Professor in Mount Airy College, near Philadelphia, and remained there for about fifteen months. Having a passion for the law, he started West; and when about twenty-one we find him journeying on foot towards Chillicothe, Ohio, at which place he remained a year, and removed to Natchez, Mississippi. His talents were soon recognized, and his advancement was commensurate with his talents. He formed a business connection with that eminent lawyer, the late W. B. Griffith, and in 1824 married Miss Eliza Turner, the niece of the Chancellor of the State. After professional success political preferment quickly came.

In August, 1827, he was elected to the Legislature as Democratic Representative from Adams county. Having been placed on the Judiciary Committee, he so distinguished himself that he was appointed by the Governor in the succeeding year Chancellor of the State. He thrice filled this office. In 1831, while a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution, Mr. Quitman presented a proposition to prohibit the Legislature from borrowing money or pledging the faith of the State for the purpose of banking. In 1835 he was elected to the State Senate, and the Governorship becoming vacant, Mr. Quitman was chosen by that body to preside over it. His message to the Legislature in 1836, is said to be one of the ablest States Rights documents ever penned.

In this year the citizens of Natchez chose him to head a noble band of spirits who were called together to help Texas to retaliate the indignities offered by the Mexicans and Indians. Through the latter days of that terrible war, in the prairie march and the midnight foray, he developed his powers as a soldier and a leader. In 1839 he visited Europe on business of the Mississippi Railroad Company, and on his return was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, but was compelled to decline and enter once again into business, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments growing out of liabilities for others.

On the breaking out of the Mexican War Mr. Quitman was appointed one of the six Brigadier-Generals to command the Volunteers, and in a few days joined Taylor at Camargo. He greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Monterrey, and on the death of General Hamer and the retirement of General Butler was chief in command of the Volunteers. His career was very brilliant. He commanded at Victoria; he was at Vera Cruz and at Ojo del Agua received his Major-Generalship. At San Augustine he was, according to General Scott, given the "post of honor" by being placed in charge of the depot of the army. He led the perilous assault on the southern side of Chapultepec; and also "the very front ranks of that incredible charge in which, protected only by the arches of an aqueduct, our troops occupied the Tacubaya causeway, stormed the Garita Belen, and entered the city of Mexico." Quitman was appointed Governor of the city he had so strongly helped to capture.

His return to the United States was one series of ovations. In the Southern movements in 1850, Quitman, then Governor of Mississippi, took a leading part. He was besought by the revolutionary Cubans to lead their movement, but the stringency of the Neutrality laws defeated by delay the object in view.

In 1855 he entered Congress as Representative for the Fifth District of Mississippi, and from his cultivation, experience and quiet force of character, took a leading rank at once. He applied him-

self to the subject of the Neutrality Laws, and his great effort on it in the spring of 1856 is very highly thought of. In 1857 he was re-elected. As an evidence of the respect in which his impartial character was viewed, as well as the dependence had on his honor and judgment, Speaker Banks, opposed to him in every respect, entrusted to him the Chairmanship of the Committee on Military Affairs. He was twice brought prominently forward for the Vice-Presidency.

General Quitman, whose death was deeply lamented, was noted, in addition to his accomplishments, for a grand chivalry, which captured his foes as well as his friends. He was a very prominent member of the Order of Freemasons, and died a Sovereign Grand Inspector-General.

## ALBERT PIKE, GRAND COMMANDER OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF FREEMASONS.

ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, on the 29th of December, 1809. When about four years old his parents removed to Newburyport. Here the boy attended the district schools and also an academy at Framingham until he was sixteen years old, when after a rigid examination he entered Harvard College. Circumstances, however, prevented his residing at Cambridge, and the young scholar taught school at Newburyport and Fairhaven until the spring of 1831, when he started for the West and South.

In Griswold's *Poets and Poetry* we find a very interesting sketch of the bard on his wanderings. He proceeded first to Niagara, then through Cleveland, Cincinnati, Nashville and Paducah, much of the way on foot, to St. Louis. In August he started with forty others for Mexico, and after much fatigue and privation arrived at Santa Fe on the 28th November. Here he remained nearly a year clerking in a store and selling merchandise in the surrounding country. At the close of September, 1832, he was out again. He left Taos with a trapping party, travelled around the sources of Red River to the head waters of the Brazos, and separating from the company with four others, came into Arkansas. The last five hundred miles were travelled on foot, and the party reached Fort Smith in November, without a rag of clothing, a dollar of money, or knowing a person in the Territory. School teaching was again his resource, but being struck down with a fever he was forced to abandon it. Thus stricken down, poetry proved to be his good angel. He had, while engaged teaching, sent some poems to a newspaper printed at Little Rock, which pleased the editor so much that he invited Pike to join him. The latter accepted the proposition, and Little Rock ever since has had the honor of his presence, save when he is hunting buffaloes on the prairies or spending his winters between the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the wits, artists and millionaires of the City of Washington. The young poet willingly accepted the offer of the editor, packed up his very few "traps," crossed the Arkansas and landed at Little Rock, having paid, says Griswold, "his last cent for the ferrisage of a poor old soldier who had known his father in New England."

Success now followed him. He edited the *Arkansas Advocate* and studied law, and afterwards practised until 1836, when he sold the paper—of which he had become proprietor—and pursued his profession alone. He was married in Little Rock in 1834. The poems by which Albert Pike is widely known, the "Hymns to the Gods," were written when he was quite a youth and amid the clamor of the schoolboys in Fairhaven. They were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* about a quarter of a century ago; and "Kit North," whom Pike much resembles in size, shape, and love of out-door exercises and "jolly good fellows," called him the Poet of the Titans. About the year 1834 he issued a collection of prose and poetry, long out of print, and has printed for private circulation only his "Hymns to the Gods" and other productions.

Mr. Pike is an enthusiastic Mason, and after having gone through all its degrees, is now the head of the Southern Jurisdiction, being Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General of the Thirty-third Degree for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. He has written much and well on the craft. As a poet, lawyer, friend and Freemason, he is in the front rank.

## WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

One of the most imposing ceremonies which have taken place in this city for a long period was that which the Freemasons performed to the memory of their deceased and eminent brother, General Quitman, on last Friday evening. This testimony to his worth as a friend and brother by the Master Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction was postponed from time to time, in consequence of difficulties arising from the extent of territory to be represented on the occasion. The ceremonies, I believe, have never been performed here, and vary seldom anywhere else in the United States, at least in so high a degree. This Lodge of Sorrow was held by the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, and was altogether composed of Master Masons. General Quitman had been a Sovereign Grand Inspector-General, and the ceremonial necessarily was such as befitted his eminent rank in the brotherhood. The formula was according to the Ancient and Accepted Scottish rite. In order that all the Masons in the District of Columbia and those temporarily in the city might assist by their presence, the Lodge was opened in the Third Degree at the Masonic Temple in Ninth street. After the performance of the mystic rites unknown to the uninitiated, a procession was formed, which made a very handsome display as it marched from the Temple to the Unitarian Church, at the corner of Sixth and D. streets, where the catafalque was erected.

It was a beautifully calm night, the streets through which the procession silently moved were otherwise almost deserted, and the moon, shining placidly down, aided to give a peculiarly solemn effect to the reverential pageant as it passed along. First came the Washington Commandery of Knights Templars, headed by B. B. French, who is the Grand Commander of the Order in the United States. Next came the Blue Lodges, followed by the Royal Arch Masons, the Rose Croix, the Chevaliers, Kadosch and others of the high degrees; then the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction, wearing their beautiful embroidered regalia of white and gold.

On their arrival at the church, the procession was halted, and opened to the right and left, forming a double line, through which the Supreme Council passed. Entering the church, the members of the Council took their seats upon the platform around the pulpit, which represented "the East." They entered in the order of their office for the present occasion. In consequence of Captain Pike being the Orator, he did not preside, although being the Grand Commander of the Supreme Council. Mr. Mackey presided with becoming dignity. The following is the order in which the officers entered:

Albert Mackey, of South Carolina, General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States, acted as Master of the Lodge.  
Giles M. Hillyer, of Mississippi, Past Grand Master of Mississippi, was Senior Warden.  
Charles Scott, of Tennessee, Past Grand Master of Mississippi, was Junior Warden.  
Albert Pike, of Arkansas, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, Orator.  
William P. Millen, of Mississippi, Past Grand Master of Mississippi, Secretary.  
John Robin McDaniel, of Virginia, Grand Master of Virginia, Treasurer.  
Luke E. Barber, of Arkansas, Past Grand Master of Arkansas, Senior Deacon.  
A. T. C. Pierson, Grand Master of Minnesota, Junior Deacon.  
Henry Buist, of South Carolina, Grand Master of South Carolina, Master of Ceremonies.

A. B. French, of Washington City, Past Grand Master of the District of Columbia, Pursuivant.

The interior of the church was suitably draped for the occasion, the walls being hung with garlands. The candlesticks were draped and the candles themselves were black.  
The coffin was placed in the centre and near the Tabernacle, its head being to the east. It was covered with a pall, and on it were an apron of white lamb-skin, a pair of white gloves, the collar of a Sovereign Grand Inspector-General, and a sword with a black scabbard. At either side of the Tabernacle were the former flags of the Supreme Council and the Red Cross of the Templars, the former drooping.

After the Venerable Master had called up the brethren with three rays, the ceremonies were proceeded with. One by one the lights in the south, west and east were extinguished by the Junior Deacon, to typify the darkness of the grave. The brethren were then addressed on the necessity of being prepared for death, for we are in it in the midst of life. He reminds them that death



had entered their Council and called from his labors their illustrious brother, John Anthony Quitman, the jurist, soldier, statesman and wise and accomplished Mason, and called on them to pay the last honors to his memory. Prayers and music of a solemn nature followed, after which a procession of twenty-seven Masons, selected for the purpose from those highest present, was formed, and marched around the coffin "in the sign of the Good Shepherd." Three times the circuit is made; and between them and at the last time, those who compose the procession give the funeral honors. This is done in the following manner: As the Master of the Sorrow Lodge reaches the head of the coffin, the rest form a circle about it and turn towards it. They cross the arms on the breast, then raise the right hand perpendicularly to Heaven; then strike the palm of it into the palm of the left hand, in front of the body. This is done three times, when they bow low and sorrowfully say, Farewell, farewell, farewell.

Now commences a more joyous portion of the service—that indicating the immortality of the soul. As these ceremonies are being held, the lights which had been extinguished by the Junior Deacon in token of death are now relit by the Senior Deacon in token of the light of immortality. When the last is lit all exclaim, "The will of God is accomplished! Blessed be the name of the Lord!" After which, this fine anthem—written for the occasion by Thomas S. Donoho, whose poetical works are now in press—is chanted to a hopeful strain:

"Weep no more! He is not dead!  
On the earth he rests his head,  
But his spirit every where,  
Like the sunlight, fills the air.

Weep no more! his deeds remain,  
Done on many a crimson plain,  
Haunting still our flag, and told  
To every breeze by every fold.

Hail to him whose burning word  
Wintry Senates, kindling, heard,  
While, by acclamations fanned,  
Ran the fire throughout the land.

Hail to him above the rest,  
Ye who knew and loved him best;  
Brethren, hail his battle done,  
Earth and Heaven together won."

The Master calling on the Orator to tell the story of the life of the deceased, Albert Pike, the Orator for the occasion, delivered a most able and philosophical discourse. The first part recounted the deeds and virtues of General Quitman, and the last part was a thoughtful and comprehensive résumé of the course of life to be pursued by one who would live well and serve his kind. Great satisfaction was evidenced by the Grand Commander's discourse. On the day after the Supreme Council visited Mount Vernon, and opened a Lodge of Sorrow in front of the grave of Washington, with the same officers as on the night previous, with the exception that a short address was made by the Junior Warden, Hon. Charles Scott, of Tennessee, Past Grand Master of Mississippi.

### THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

This magnificent hotel, erected at a vast expense, is one of the finest structures of its character in this country or in Europe. It is certainly unsurpassed in the world for location, superiority of interior construction, ventilation and comfort. In the ornamentation of the hotel there is nothing gaudy or meretricious, but solid comfort and convenience seem to have been the chief study of those who superintended its construction. The Fifth Avenue Hotel occupies more than an acre of land, fronting on Broadway and Fifth avenue, from West Twenty-third to West Twenty-fourth streets, extending down the two latter streets some two hundred feet. The furniture and all the appointments were made expressly for this hotel. The convenience and comfort of the visitor have been, in everything appertaining to this splendid establishment, scrupulously cared for. A novel and very desirable feature of arrangement for ladies stopping at the hotel, for the use of their friends, consists of a reception apartment, having small withdrawing-rooms, in which are all conveniences of the toilet, &c., which is certainly a great stride in the march of improvement. For the benefit of those who are incapable or ill-inclined to fatigue themselves ascending the stairs, a vertical railway has been placed in the most central part of the house. To those who are desirous of sparing their ambulators any extra trouble, this will be found very advantageous. Connected with the vertical railway is a baggage elevator, in a separate chamber. This prevents the visitors being inconvenienced by the liability of having their heads damaged by the carelessness of porters.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is one of those establishments which owe their existence to the enterprise of the deservedly celebrated Colonel Parson Stevens, under the personal supervision of whom this hotel was built and completed, and who is now proprietor of the Revere and Tremont Houses in Boston, the Battle and Point Clear Houses in Mobile, and the Continental in Philadelphia. He has assuredly been the most successful hotel proprietor in this country. The proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel are known by the name and firm of Hitchcock, Darling & Co.

The rooms were furnished by A. T. Stewart & Co.; the chandeliers by Messrs. Cornelius Baker & Co., of Philadelphia; many of the mirrors by Williams, Stevens & Williams; the crockery, glass, silverware, plumbing, &c., by E. V. Haughwout & Co.; the furniture in the dining, tea and breakfast saloons, by Lawrence Wild & Co., Boston. Messrs. Brewer & Moore, Messrs. Newhouse & Co., and Messrs. Ingersoll, Jewett & Co., with costly silvered plate glass, imported by Neill & Sutton, completed the furnishing of the hotel.

This location is the most healthy, delightful and central in the great metropolis, very convenient to the Hudson River and Boston Railroad Depots. The new City Hall is to be located in the immediate vicinity.

There are four distinct lines of omnibuses that pass the hotel nearly every minute during the day and evening, besides which there are two horse car railways, the Fourth and Sixth Avenue lines, which terminate near Wall street, and run continually on a route within a block of the hotel, thus affording a better opportunity for obtaining a seat, with more certainty and less loss of time than at any other point. These lines of omnibuses and horse cars also run direct to the Central Park, which is considered to be the most magnificent natural pleasure ground in the world.

Every precaution has been taken during construction to secure the positive safety of guests from the dangers of conflagration; subdivision double brick walls extend from the rock foundation to the roof. All of the floors are double, and are separated by a layer of cement, making the entire structure fireproof.

An Exchange, containing the journals of the day and all the conveniences for commercial intercourse and business, has been added to the many other features of the hotel, and there is a Telegraph Office connecting with all parts of the country. Billiard and Chess Rooms, of the most approved style and appointments, are provided for the use of guests and the public.

The Barber's Shop is also fitted up in the most splendid style, and is one of the handsomest in the city.

Thus far the hotel has met with great success, and as the growth of the city increases the population in that portion of it where the beautiful and unique structure has been erected, so will the custom of the house increase. While noticing this establishment, we must not forget the elegant manner in which the stores occupying the first floor of the building are fitted up, and the business they do.

### FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL STORES.

No. 1 Fifth Avenue Hotel is occupied by Brodie, the great mantle manufacturer, formerly of Broadway.

No. 2 by William H. Jackson & Co., grocers. This is the largest retail grocery in the country, and comprises a stock of the choicest articles to be found in the market. Most of the articles imported and sold by this firm are received by direct consignment. A particular feature among the articles offered for sale by this firm are the many little delicacies so desirable in travelling. They have a branch store in Sixth avenue, corner of Twenty-first street.

No. 3. Messrs. Dunlap & Co., the well-known hatters of Broadway, who have won such a reputation for the various and beautiful styles

of hats which they have introduced during the past few years, have taken a lease of this store. They continue to do business at their old store, No. 557 Broadway, and both places seem to have a steady increase in custom. Mr. Dunlap is a gentleman very well known in New York, and by strict attention to business, has been very successful.

No. 6 is occupied by Messrs. Orme & Co., importers and dealers in watches, jewellery and everything used in the way of ornamentation. Their stock, though perhaps more limited than that of Tiffany and other of our Broadway jewellers, comprises a selection of articles such as will suit the taste of every one, even the most sceptical. From first water diamonds down to the plainest jet ornaments, in every variety of setting, they have chosen such a class of jewellery as is worth buying. This store is fitted up in a very tasty and neat style. They will, no doubt, control most of the trade from the hotel.

No. 8, corner of Twenty-fourth street, used by Messrs. Caswell, Mack & Co., druggists (late of Newport), is one of the most substantial and costly stores in America. The entire counters consist of solid polished marble, and the floor is laid with marble tiles. The stock of drugs in this store is one of the best, and the fancy articles, many of them of the most exquisite workmanship, among them stands and baskets of wax flowers, bronzes, statuettes, perfumery bottles, and everything necessary for toilet use. This was the first store opened under the hotel, and Messrs. Caswell, Mack & Co., have been so far very successful.

### OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH J. AGARD, Oxford.—You will see, by reference to preceding issues, that we decline receiving any more thirteen shots. We repeat what we have already said, that they are generally scratches. We want shots that are good scientifically, and not merely numerically.

J. THOMAS, Grand Rapids.—"Suppose your ball is in the pocket, and your shot, with two balls in the string, and the third one-third in the string and two-thirds out, have you any right to play on the inside of the ball, which is, in fact, playing inside of the string?" Ans.: Yes. The following is the rule: "Playing at a ball whose base, or point of contact with the table, is outside of the string, is considered playing out of the string; and the stroke is a fair one, even though the side which the cue ball strikes is hanging over, and therefore within the string."—Phelan's Game of Billiards.

P. F. J., Schenectady, N. Y.—"If the striker's ball is frozen to the deep red, is he (the striker) entitled to a count, provided he plays to the cushion, and rebounding, strikes the deep red first, thence caroming on the light red ball?" Ans.: No. "Also, is he entitled to count if he pockets the light red without moving the dark red?" Ans.: Yes. "If the striker's ball is frozen to his opponent's, is the striker obliged to separate the balls? According to the law regulating a stroke, I should think that he would not be obliged to separate the balls, since merely touching the ball with the point of the cue is considered a stroke." Ans.: He must separate the balls.

### THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARD PROSCRIPTION.—We read in our country exchanges there is a crusade against billiards in the great and saintly village of Albion, Orleans county, in this civilized State of New York. A public meeting has been held there in which the merits and demerits of billiard-rooms were canvassed. The good sense of those who stood up in defence of rational innocent amusement could not prevail over the stolid fanaticism of the anti-billiardites, and, consequently, resolutions recommending the "abolition" of billiard-rooms were passed, and a committee appointed to further the design of the proscribers of intellectual and healthful pleasure. Albion must be a great place. We wonder if it be any relation to the big place of the same name, known by our French friends as *perle d'Albion*?

MESSRS. BERGER AND MR. PHELAN.—Messrs. Berger Frères & Guillemin have replied, on the part of M. Phelan, to Mr. Phelan's letter to the latter gentleman, which was called forth by the statement in M. Berger's letter to Mr. Wilkes, that "his (M. Berger's) challenge (at the French game) will stand against all players, whether American or of any other nation." It will be seen by the subjoined letter that M. Berger's challenge is only addressed to amateurs:

"Paris, March 19, 1860.  
"MR. PHELAN, New York.—We much regret the mistake which has been made in the translation of our letter of the month of December last, addressed to Mr. George Wilkes. You have not understood what we intended to say by players, and what the word implies in France; it means those persons who have a taste for this game, which, to them, is merely an amusement—professioners are naturally not included in this word.

"M. Berger is not accustomed to challenge professors of billiards of any nation, not even of France—but he has never refused a challenge—more particularly (*à plus forte raison*) you, Mr. Phelan, who are the standard-bearer of billiards (*le drapeau du billard*) in America, and of whom he is loud in his praise, citing your name and vaunting your great skill in billiards. Your letter has given him pain, and we are certain that if he can go to America you will see in him a frank and loyal man, and that there will be nothing but good understanding between you.

"We hope that this letter will change your opinion as regards M. Berger, and that you will restore to ours of the month of December last, the sense which has been either badly interpreted or badly expressed by us.

"We salute you sincerely,  
"BERGER FRÈRES & GUILLEMIN,  
"10 Rue Montpensier.

"P.S.—If ever you have need of any information in France, or have any business that you cannot transact yourself, pray apply to us, we are entirely at your disposal."

The following is Mr. Phelan's reply to the above:

"New York, 10th April, 1860.  
"MONSIEUR D. C. BERGER,

"Berger Frères & Guillemin, Rue Montpensier, No. 10, Paris.

"Sir—I have received your reply to my letter of 9th February, which was called forth by a passage in your letter of the 21st December to the editor of *Wilkes's Spirit*. I regret that my letter should have given you pain, but I think you will acknowledge it was natural I should, in that I was reached by the following sentence: "His challenge (at the French game) will stand against all players, whether American or of any other nation, at 25 points on the 100, carom game, and probably at 25 on 50." I was certainly warranted in considering that the words "all players" embraced both professors and amateurs. Your letter to me explains away a misunderstanding or misrepresentation, caused by a shade of meaning which perhaps is too delicate to transfer into our English tongue. I cannot, however, on the whole, regret having written you, since, by so doing, I furnished you an opportunity of showing that you do not undervalue the progress made in billiard science in the United States.

"I feel highly flattered by your kind opinion of me, and I assure you that if you can make it convenient to visit this country at any time I shall be most happy to receive you, and do everything in my power to render your stay among us agreeable. My opinion of M. Berger has never changed—I hold him for a gentleman in every sense of the word.

"I thank you for the kind offer made in your postscript, and shall be happy to avail myself of your kindness when an opportunity presents itself, and I take the liberty of reciprocating the offer. If I can do anything for you in New York, you need only advise me to that effect, and it shall be carefully done.

"Yours respectfully,  
"MICHAEL PHELAN."

The frankness and promptitude which have characterized M. Berger's correction in this matter are highly creditable to him. In this respect he stands in a much better position than Mr. Roberts, the English player, from whom Mr. Phelan has never been able to draw a straightforward definite answer.

### AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

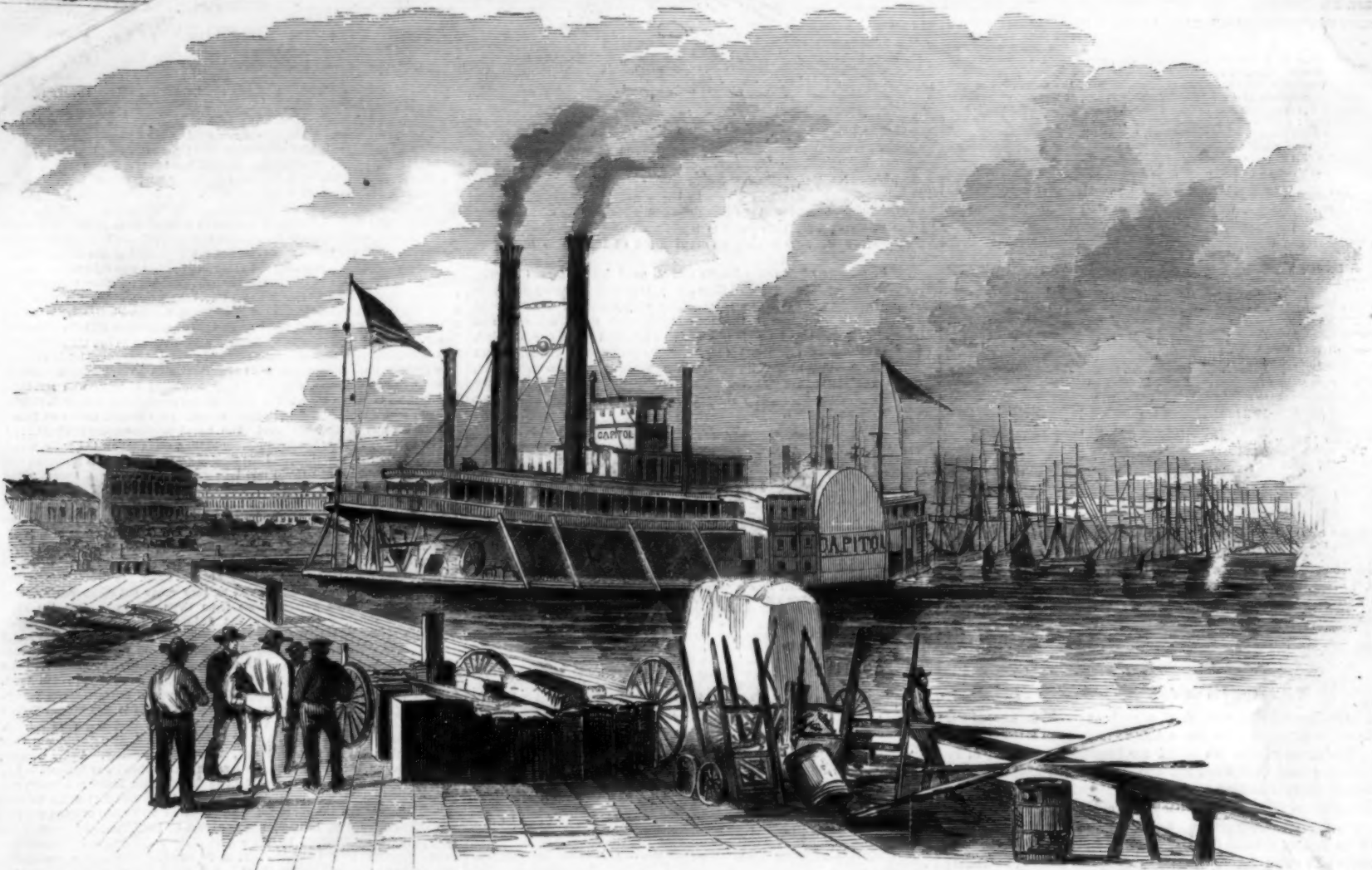
THE Holmes County (Ohio) Farmer publishes the following singular piece of history: "Holmes county, in 1815, was the hunting ground of Indians, of whom 'Seneca,' the chief of a tribe of that name, was one. Mr. Jacob Ammond, now living in Coshocton county, then lived about a mile from where Millersburg now is, and near the Mile Pond. Seneca became inimical to Ammond, but pretended friendship, yet Mr. Ammond's knowledge of the Indian character enabled him to detect this hostility. Seneca told Ammond that there was a bear near Mile Pond, and wanted him to go to help kill it. Ammond consulted his wife, and she begged him not to go. But Ammond, thinking he ran less risk by going with the Indian than to take the chances of being killed when not on his guard, accompanied Seneca, each taking a gun. The pond being narrow, Seneca took one side and Ammond the other. Ammond kept his eyes on Seneca and saw him get behind a tree, and Ammond also got a tree between him and the Indian, leaving his clothing exposed. Seneca aimed, but his gun snapped, and while fixing the priming exposed his head, at which Ammond took deadly aim and put his bullet through it. Then crossing over, Ammond stripped some elm bark, and with it tied a heavy stone to the Indian's body and sank it in the pond. The disappearance of Seneca was an unravelled mystery for forty years, when Mr. Ammond lately divulged the bloody secret to the Auditor of Holmes county."

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In our last number we gave a brief summary of the Virginia romance. The denouement is not of equal interest. The torn-up letter was very condemnatory of Land, and despite a brilliant speech of Ex-Governor Wise, the jury found a verdict of guilty. The punishment awarded is eighteen years' imprisonment.

....A man has been arrested for robbing his employer of his wife and three hundred dollars. The man was more anxious to give up the woman than the dollars, which, unfortunately, the bereaved husband cared far more about than his legal partner. The faithless pair, wife and paramour, were committed to prison....The New York Rescuing Company lately tested their apparatus for the saving of persons in burning houses. It was very successful. In two minutes from the time of being summoned the apparatus was fixed, and several persons safely landed from the fourth floor on *terra firma*. The merit of this organization belongs to our German citizens....The Board of Aldermen are very fastidious in the matter of choosing a President of the Croton Board. Thomas Addis Emmett was sent in by the Mayor, but was rejected by nine to six....Dr. Hines, a famous confidence man, has been convicted in Memphis of obtaining money under false pretences....La Rochette, the man who attempted to burn down the store of Morsette, in Greenwich street, died of his injuries last week. He was truly penitent, and confessed all to Fire-Marshal Baker. Dedan & Morsette, who hired the wretched man to fire the store, have been arrested....A mysterious case of poisoning happened lately in Troy. Five persons were taken suddenly ill after breakfast. There being no servant or stranger in the house, and the family consisting of man, wife and three children, all of whom were nearly killed by the meal, public opinion is puzzled to know where to place the accident or crime. They baked their own bread, and the tea was pronounced pure. The bread is undergoing analysis....A lady recently lost her life from merely putting some tallow to her lip, which was sore. Her face swelled, and she died in great agony. It is supposed that the fat was putrid when made into tallow....A terrible shooting affray lately occurred in Adamsville, Fla. James Mobler shot Mr. Wall in the abdomen, and immediately the other fell Col. Johnson shot Mobler dead. The *recontre* took place in a gambling-house....A letter in the French *Messenger du Midi* states that by the wreck of the *Louise*, an unfortunate man lost, in one dreadful night, his wife, four children, his sister, his brother-in-law, three nephews and all his fortune. He became a maniac....The virtuous throwers have changed their mode of attack—they use the knife. In Providence, lately, seven ladies had their cloaks ruined as they came out of church by some miscreant cutting out a large piece from them. In one case the knife entered the shoulder of the lady, but fortunately the wound was slight....The body of an unknown man, supposed to be a German, was found suspended to a tree in a wood near Flatbush. He was cut down, but life was extinct. His body was buried in the Almshouse Cemetery, Flatbush....The Public Schools of Hoboken had their public exhibition on Friday, the 6th April. Some of the scholars showed great proficiency. One of the lads spoke Tennyson's "Light Brigade" with great spirit. Great praise is due to Miss Kellett for her tuition of the younger class. Old Fellow's Hall was crowded. A Master Demarest spoke also with great propriety....A tragedy was very near completion at the Delavan House, Albany, last Tuesday. A silly woman, named Gleason, being under the delusion that her husband was faithless to her image on his soul, left his house, went to the Delavan House at Albany, and commenced proceedings for a divorce. This had such an effect on Mr. Gleason that he also went to the same hotel, and after an ineffectual attempt to overcome her indignation, he took a strong dose of laudanum. Fortunately his rash purpose was defeated by the use of a stomach pump, and Gleason was himself again. Mrs. Gleason ought to be satisfied with such a convincing proof that he could not live without her....The people of New Brunswick were so indignant at some of the Irish members of their Legislature voting against the reception of the Prince of Wales, that they burnt the disloyal fellows in effigy....Another mysterious thing has been found floating. As Captain McClane, of the Eighth District was strolling, lost in official contemplation, last Sunday, near Gowanus Creek, he saw a raft at a short distance from the land. Taking a boat, he rowed towards it. To his surprise, he found on it a woman's dress, hoop skirt, and a particular feminine garment not mentionable; also two copies of *Harper's Magazine*, a novel, and a very tender letter, signed "Fanny Clanson," addressed to a Captain Hart. There was also a pocketbook with a number of drafts, made payable to the order of "J. Hart." The police are now busy investigating this mysterious affair....Dr. Hayes, whose portrait we published in our last number, addressed a large audience at the Cooper Union Hall on the 9th inst., on the subject of the Arctic expedition he is about to take the command of. He was listened to with the deepest attention....Patterson, N. J., has elected a Republican Mayor, Mr. Prall; at Hartford, Conn., Mr. Deming, a Democrat, was elected; Milwaukee has also elected a Democratic Mayor; Hoboken has also followed that lead....The annual Conference of the Mormon Reformed Delegation met on the 5th inst. at Amboy, Illinois. Young Joe Smith, son to the founder of that pestiferous superstition, was chosen as a candidate to the seership. It is the wish of the more moderate Mormons to depose Brigham Young, whose villainies are even too deep for Utah....Jesse Hays, of Washington, D. C., shot a negro on the 8th inst. He is mortally wounded. It was in revenge for a blow. He was arrested, but liberated on giving \$10,000 bail....As the steaming *Magnolia*, engaged in the expedition against the *shad-poles*, was on her return to the city on Monday afternoon, having on board boat's crews Nos. 1, 2 and 8 of the Harbor Police, the flag of the ship *Ironides*, outward bound, and destined to St. John's, New Brunswick, was observed union down, denoting some trouble on board. The *Magnolia* was immediately headed for her, and the police, on boarding, found six sailors engaged in a melee, in which knives were abundantly used. The mate, it seems, had been unable to quell the affray, and had lowered the ensign as a signal for assistance. The police took the six men into custody. All the men were more or less injured. One of the ruffians had used a heavy brass door knob as a slung shot....The workmen employed in clearing the ruins of the Pemberton Mill drew off the water from the canal on Thursday, when they found the body of a woman under a large pile of bricks, whose name was supposed to be Mrs. McCan. She was probably carried down with the falling wall through the ice and drowned. She leaves two or three children....The new steam corvette *Pawnee*, now being constructed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, is nearly completed, and will make her first trial trip next week. The model of this new and beautiful vessel is much sharper than any vessel-of-war ever built, and instead of having dead rise, like all other vessels-of-war, the bilge is below the base line. Her form is both new and novel....Dr. Carow, an eminent physician of Nashville, was shot dead by Mr. Trewhitt, postmaster of Sparta, Tenn. The deed was committed in the afternoon in a room of the third story of the Commercial Hotel. The circumstances are so remarkable, that we copy them from the Nashville *Gazette*. Trewhitt went to the hotel, and complaining of indisposition, desired the attendance of a physician. Dr. Carow was sent for. A few minutes after Dr. Carow entered the room of Mr. Trewhitt the report of a pistol was heard, and those who repaired thither to ascertain the cause found Dr. Carow sitting in his chair dead, from a pistol shot in the back part of the neck. Mr. Trewhitt was arrested. No cause was assigned for the perpetration of this cold-blooded murder....A most horrible crime has been committed at Burlington, Ohio, where two miscreants outraged and murdered a poor girl. Her body was found in the Des Moines River, with unmistakable evidences of foul play. It is supposed that she was from Rockford, Ill. The men have escaped for the present, but the police are on their track....Mr. W. Harrison and Miss Maria Smith, of Buffalo, fell in love with each other two years ago, and were married. An evil set of relatives set her against him, and she left him, vowing she never would see him again. Indignant at her conduct and the blackhearted perfidy of her relatives, he, after warning her of his intention, sued for a divorce, which he obtained. No sooner had this been accomplished, but, womanlike, she began to love him again out of contradiction. Like Milton's wife, she fell at his knees, and begged to be forgiven. He, of course, forgave her, and they have now been married again. We trust he made his rightly-merited wife pay the expenses of the second wedding....Messrs. O'Reilly & Speed propose to construct a line of telegraph from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Puget Sound within two years, without any other aid from the Government than the right of way....Two school girls, residing in Jefferson county, Mo., were obliged to pass through some burning woods. The clothes of one of them caught fire, and before aid could be rendered, the little one was burned to death....The Cleveland Institute took fire on Saturday, and was partially destroyed....It is said that the last Sunday morning offertory at the Church of the Advent, in Boston, the amount received was \$25,400....A man, named H. Weed, recently died in Sandwich, N. H. It is said that on his death-bed he confessed that he was one of the murderers of Parker, who was so mysteriously slain sixteen years ago at Manchester, N. H....A young man in Lawrence, Mass., went to a coal furnace in his residence and opened the door. The gas, which, by a disarrangement of the dampers, had accumulated, burst forth, took fire from a lamp he held in his hand, upset him, burned him badly, and blew the lamp through the side of a glass pickle jar....The exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened on Wednesday evening, with a private view, which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen.





VIEW OF THE LEVEE AT OPELOUSAS RAILROAD FERRY, JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. H. NEWTON, JUN., N. O.

#### NEW ORLEANS—VIEWS IN THE CRESCENT CITY —THE FAMOUS LEVEE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS, &c.

As New Orleans is the headquarters or last great port of over fifteen thousand miles of navigable water embracing the Mississippi and its tributaries, and as the country thus communicating with it is of exhaustless fertility, it may well be supposed that its wharves present a wonderful array of vessels of every description. "At one portion of its levee," says Lippincott, "may be seen hundreds of flat boats grounded on the batture, and filled, some with fat cattle, horses, mules, hogs and sheep; others with hay, corn, potatoes, butter, cheese, apples and cider. The quay here is piled with lumber, pork, flour, and every variety of agricultural produce, as if the Great Valley had emptied its treasures at the door of New Orleans."

The steamboats are, however, the great feature in the commerce of New Orleans. Sometimes one boat is loaded and piled with three thousand bales of cotton, worth \$180,000. In 1853 there were received at New Orleans 1,664,864 bales of cotton, averaging \$41.

and worth \$68,259,424. From an industrial point of view the steamboat and the cotton press are the two great characteristics of this city. In our illustrations the reader has a fine specimen of both. The cotton presses of New Orleans, about twenty in number, are objects of interest, and generally visited by strangers. Each of them usually occupies an entire block. At one of these, the New Orleans Cotton Press, not less than one hundred and fifty thousand bales are annually pressed. It is probably well-known to every American reader that before cotton is ready for shipment its bulk is reduced by machinery and pressure, and many inventions have been made for this purpose. In our picture the reader may see to the right a building where cotton is pressed, while before it is the yard containing the bales, many of them crowned with fragments of loose cotton, for travel and hard knocks have the same effect on them as on other voyagers and cause rags. During the last war between France and England an American vessel loaded with cotton, which had reached Havre, was on the point of having her cargo confiscated because there was one more bale on board than appeared in her bill of lading. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of the

guard the captain promptly opened his clasp knife, cut one bale to pieces, strewed the fragments loosely here and there among the rest as though it were waste, and when the custom-house officials returned, requested them to count again. They did so and reported a mistake.

The hotels of New Orleans, as might be expected in a city of its commerce and eminently convivial life, are excellent, and present many attractive features. Albert Pike, in describing the extravagant and luxurious life of the Arkansas Gentleman, reaches the summit when he describes him as lodging at all the hotels in the city at once.

"And when he comes to New Orleans he seeks a clothing store, and puts up at the St. Charles, the St. Louis, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in the city if he succeeds in finding any more. Then he draws upon his banker and runs round and treats Every man from Virginia, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas and the Indian Nation, and every other vagabond he meets."

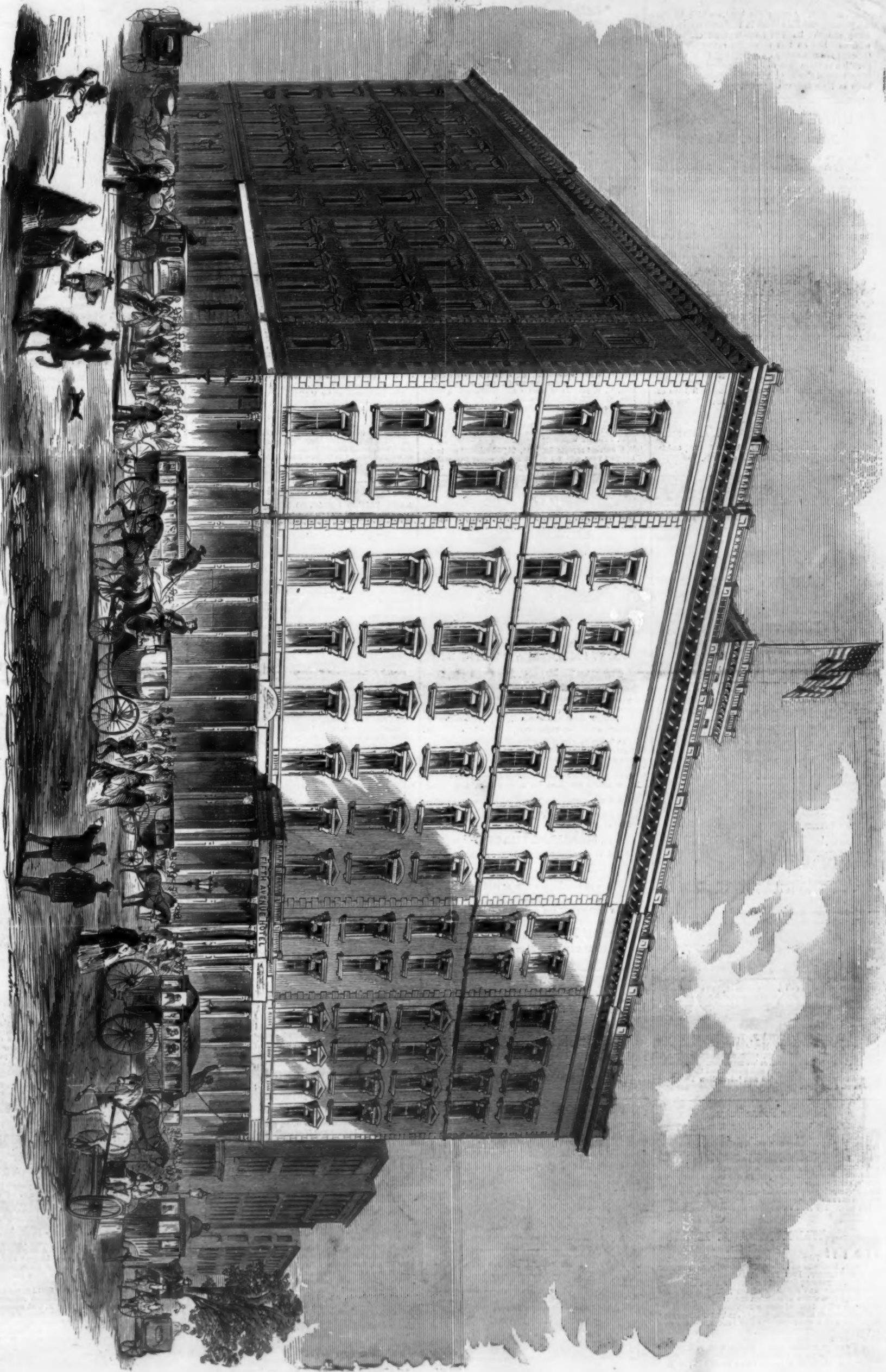
If the Arkansas Gentleman desires amusements he finds five theatres, the principal of which are the St. Charles the Orleans and (Continued on page 332.)



VIEW OF ONE OF THE COTTON PRESSES IN NEW ORLEANS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. H. NEWTON, JUN., N. O.



THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, SITUATED ON MADISON SQUARE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.—See Page 329.





## NEW ORLEANS.

(Continued from page 330.)

the American. Among the banks which he visits are possibly the City Bank in Toulouse street, Canal Bank and the Bank of Louisiana, all of them fine edifices. But on this point the resources of New Orleans are not easily exhaustible. It is no exaggeration to state that so far as passing time merrily is concerned no city in America presents such attractions as New Orleans.

## BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

## Premature Loss of the Hair.

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and it has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

It is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair, a single application rendering it soft and glossy for several days.

THE FOLLOWING IS CONCLUSIVE OF ITS EFFICACY IN THE CURE OF

## DANDRUFF.

Boston, Oct. 30, 1889.

GENTLEMEN—I have used your Cocaine about six weeks, and its effect is so marked and extraordinary that I deem it my duty to state it to you.

My worst complaint for several years has been Dandruff, with itching and irritation of the scalp. After brushing my hair, my coat collar would be covered with the white scales (dandruff), which looked like a shower of snow. My barber tried various applications without effect. His abuse of year Cocaine, and his obstinate refusal to use it, provoked me to procure and try it. I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff and the irritation which caused it have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good a condition.

Your obedient servant,

A. A. FULLER.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by dealers, generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

## Pianofortes.



## STEINWAY &amp; SONS'

## Patent Overstrung Grand and Square Pianos

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured.

OPINION OF NEARLY ALL THE GREATEST AND MOST PROMINENT MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS REGARDING THEIR INSTRUMENTS:

The undersigned having personally examined and practically tested the improvement in Grand Pianos, invented by H. STEINWAY, in which the covered strings are overstrung above those remaining, do hereby certify:

1. That as a result of the said improvement the voice of the Piano is greatly improved in quality, quantity and power.

2. The sound by Steinway's improvement is much more even, less harsh, stronger, and much better prolonged than that realized in any other Piano with which we are acquainted.

3. The undersigned regard the improvement of Mr. Steinway as most novel, ingenious and important. No Piano of similar construction has ever been known or used, so far as the undersigned know or believe:

GUSTAV SAETER, WILLIAM MASON, JOHN N. PATTERSON, ROBERT GOLDBECK, GEORGE W. MORGAN, CARL BERGMANN, WM. A. KING, HENRY C. TIMM, GEO. F. BRISTOW, and many others.

Each instrument warranted for the term of three years. Warehouses, 82 and 84 Walker St., near Broadway, New York. 6000



SCHUETZE & LUDOLF, Iron Frame Piano-forte Manufacturers, No. 452 Broome Street, a few doors west of Broadway, offer a fine assortment of brilliant and full-toned Pianos at lowest prices. Each Piano warranted to give satisfaction, and guaranteed three years. Gold Medal awarded 1887, '88 and '89 in New York, and 1889 in St. Louis, Mo. 230-32

## Superior Pianofortes.

ERNEST GABLER, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOFORTES (with or without patent action), 129 East Twenty-second St., between Second and Third Avenues, New York. Dealers and others are respectfully invited to call and examine my very superior instruments, made with full iron frame, and warranted equal to any in the market for strength and beauty of finish, sweetness and power of tone. My instruments are guaranteed for three years, and dealers will save thirty per cent. ERNEST GABLER, 129 East Twenty-second Street, New York. 274

## PIANOFORTES.—A. H. GALE &amp; Co.

Take great pleasure in inviting the attention of Artists, Amateurs and the Public generally, to their NEW SCALE OVERSTRUNG, IRON FRAME PIANOFORTES, just introduced. The growing demand for Pianofortes, of more than ordinary power and brilliancy of tone, directed our energies to the production of such an instrument; we submit the result without fear of competition.

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## Sewing Machines.

## Curiosities of Literature.

(From "The Democrat.")

## Wheeler &amp; Wilson's Sewing Machine!

WHO WRITES FOR IT?

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR AND SEE.

Office, 505 Broadway, New York.

The above merriment in the advertising columns of a contemporary played our curiosity to know who were the Chief Contributors of so much Romance, Poetry and Philosophy to the Mechanical Literature of the age. We accordingly "sent for a Circular." Not even the *Ledger* or *Appleton's Encyclopedia* could show a more imposing array of contributors. Did the modesty of Wheeler & Wilson permit a resort to the ordinary dodges of advertising, we should meet everywhere.

## "Wheeler &amp; Wilson's Sewing Machine.

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Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS writes for it.  
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Rev. A. L. LIVERMORE writes for it.  
Hon. N. P. BANKS writes for it.  
Hon. HORACE GREELLY writes for it.  
Hon. JUDGE MEIGS writes for it.  
Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS writes for it.  
Dr. A. K. GARDNER writes for it.  
N. P. WILLIS writes for it.  
C. D. STUART writes for it.

And, if current reports be true, 21,306 others "wrote for it" the past year, and we doubt not it would pay well for 60,000 more to "write for it" the present year. 229



## BARTHOLOMEW'S SEWING MACHINES.

434 Broadway, cor. Howard St., NEW YORK.

Family Size.....\$60  
" " Larger and Stronger.....80 to 90  
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## NOTICE.

As no house is completely furnished without a Sewing Machine, it is important to select that kind which does the neatest work by the use of the simplest machinery, combining simplicity and durability in its construction. All are asked to examine the Bartholomew Machine, to ascertain

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2d. If it is not more simple, and yet as durable as other Machines.

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## MANUFACTURERS

Are asked to examine particularly if our Manufacturing Machine is not.

1st. The best adapted to heavy Cloth and Leather work of any Machine in America.

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No. 434 Broadway, cor. Howard St., New York.  
AGENTS WANTED. 236-29

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## See what Ayer's Sarsaparilla does for Derangements of the Liver.

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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. 228-31



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**DR. RADWAY'S METHOD OF CURE.**  
The universal success that has attended the administration of  
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In this distressing complaint, RADWAY'S READY RE-  
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So with Smallpox, Measles, Typhus and Ship Fevers.  
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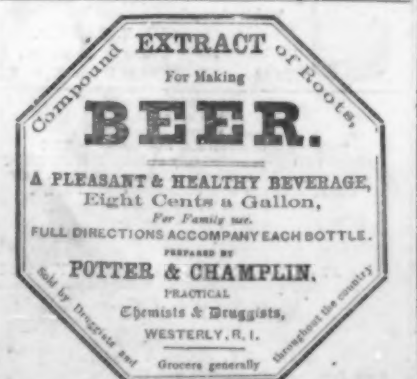
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Please copy my address as other houses in the city are selling inferior made shirts at my prices. 224-226

### READ AND PONDER.

It is a melancholy fact, that a very large proportion of the most useful members of society die between the ages of thirty and forty. How many widows and helpless orphans have been the consequence of mankind not having in their own power the means of restoring health when lost!

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Now when we are afflicted with sickness, it ariseth from the natural powers of the body not having sufficient strength, in the natural course of the system, to expel those matters or humors which have become useless, and whose retention must produce injury to the organism. For instance, the pores are closed from checked perspiration. In this case, what should have passed out of the body by the pores of the skin are thrown back upon the blood; the blood thus clogged in its circulation remedies the evil by throwing the impurities, which should have passed by the skin, upon the organs of the Stomach and Bowels. Now if the Stomach and Bowels are very healthy and strong, they expel the humors which the checked perspiration caused to be retained in the body, and no harm is done. But if the Stomach and Bowels do not happen to be in this healthy condition—if, for instance, the bowels should be in a costive or bound state, the matters of their own as well as those received from the occasion of checked perspiration are again taken up by the blood; and this Fluid of Life may be so impeded as to produce apoplexy or paralysis; or it may become quicker in its circulation, and fever be the result. If the lungs have been previously affected, then inflammation of the lungs; if the heart, then aneurism, or some affection of the heart, or Angina Pectoris; if the brain has previously suffered, then inflammation of the brain. If an injury has been done in time past to the body, and the part where such injury was done continues to be weak, then that part will be affected. If Asthma should ever have been a prevailing complaint, it will show itself again. Those who have been much troubled with Fever and Ague will be again affected by it, or some intermittent fever will take its place. If it be a child, then the Measles, Whooping-cough, Small-pox or Scarlet Fever may be expected. The impurities which are striving to get out but are not able without assistance, will produce that form of disease which the person having these impurities in him is most susceptible to receive.

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